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**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

The raid on Scarborough and Whitby is yet another gesture of the barbarous spite which the Germans feel for England. Evidence of the special hatred in which England is held is spread all over the world. At the taking of Tsing-tau it was the hundred odd British in the assaulting army for whom the besieged could not contain their anger and disappointment. Now, again, at Whitby and Scarborough, driven by the mere rage of destruction, German cruisers shell and pound at towns of no strategic value or importance. To damage, and, if possible, terrify the civilian British they are ready to break the laws of war, to risk ships and men, to spend a perilous hour upon a hostile coast. There was no excuse for the bombardment of these peaceful towns. It was an attack upon the unarmed inhabitants of towns which have no belligerent share in the war. It was an act of brutality without sense and without excuse.

The attack on West Hartlepool was a different matter. There is a fortress at Hartlepool. It could reasonably be pleaded that the bombardment of Hartlepool was an enterprise of military significance. There were batteries, which could hit back, to be encountered and silenced. But even here the German gunners seem to have fired quite indiscriminately into the town with the object of damaging property and destroying life at random. Seven armed men were killed in Hartlepool as compared with twenty-two civilians; and none of the guns were touched. Was this bad marksmanship or malicious indifference? This raid of German cruisers is, at any rate, no proud achievement of the German Fleet. It shows us yet again that the Germans are wonderfully well-informed; that they are bold and skilful seamen; that they lack nothing in organisation and courage. But it also shows that the Germans are bent upon waging war in which strength and courage will be evilly and pitilessly used. The slaughter in Yorkshire—figures justify the word—fills the neutral world with disgust. It was infernal. The sea has not taught all the German commanders chivalry. We have to realise that the

Germans, by sea, as by land, will allow nothing to baulk success or the wreaking of their anger. Meantime the deepest sympathy of the nation will go out to those who have suffered from this raid—suffered without any of the excitement and glory of war.

There is only one possible plea whereby the German Government might try to justify the shelling of Scarborough and Whitby. They might argue that it was essential for them to frighten and scare the people and Government of England (a) into keeping their armies at home; (b) into breaking up their Fleet to guard against a repetition of such raids. But the argument will not do. It supposes too great a folly and cowardice in their enemies. There was no panic in the bombarded towns and the Admiralty have already declared that their inflexible policy will not be modified a straw's breadth by sporadic raids upon an undefended coast. We have absolute faith and trust in the British Admiralty, and this faith and trust is shared by the country at large. Not even those who dwell within the eye of peril will murmur at the sound policy of our Naval Commanders, who sternly refuse to be drawn by motives of natural sentiment, anger, or pity and lured into taking risks which are not justified by our main desire. Our main desire is to destroy the Grand Fleet of the enemy; and our dispositions will continue to be taken with that sole end in view.

The result of the German visit on opinion in Great Britain has been to bring the reality of war more sharply home to our people; to make them understand more clearly yet that in Germany Great Britain has a very near neighbour who will always be her enemy. It henceforth requires no very keen imagination in those who live upon the East Coast to recognise that the present war has to be fought to a finish. There is anger and grief to-day in Yorkshire, and there is resolution. There is a stiffening of the sinews; but no misgiving. We understand now why Antwerp has been described by a master of war as a pistol aimed at the heart of England. From Kiel to Hartlepool is more than 400 miles. From the mouth of the Scheldt to Harwich is less than a quarter of that distance.

General Joffre has used the right word for the present operations in the West. The Allies are "nibbling" at the line of the enemy. This week we have news of small advances up and down the Front which have driven neat little wedges into the enemy. The biggest advance recorded is one of a quarter of a mile in the North-West. British guns from the sea have again contributed to our progress towards the coast. It is clear that, far from advancing in the marsh country of the Yser, the Germans are here being forced to give way. The Belgians are now established on the left bank, and further south there is progress in the direction of Klein Zillebeke.

In the East it looks as though the German and Austrian armies were concentrating definitely upon two principal objects. In the North they are determined to capture Warsaw; in the South they are determined to save Cracow. To this end two big flanking movements are reported, the northern movement being on the left bank of the Vistula, the southern lying towards the Carpathians. The move on Warsaw is not unlike the rush for Calais. Enormous forces are engaged in this district; and, though the Germans are successfully "held" by the Russians, our allies on the Vistula have "slightly retreated". But Warsaw is well contained within the Russian lines, and is not in immediate peril. It is an open question whether the German blow at Warsaw is heavier than the Russian blow at Cracow. The occupation of either of these towns would be a political success for the victors. We have to remember that Germany needs and desires a political success more earnestly than Russia, and is making a mighty effort. It is now quite clear that the stories in some papers about "crowning" victories were nonsense.

Meantime the Serbians have returned to Belgrade. They are to be warmly congratulated on their successful handling of a short and brilliant campaign. There was certainly no thought among the Serbian generals of allowing politics to influence strategy.\* When the Austrians advanced upon Belgrade the Serbians were outnumbered. They decided that they could not hold the extended line, which included their capital, and they accordingly retreated and shortened their front. The Austrians were allowed to "capture" Belgrade, and the Serbian capital was laid at the feet of the Austrian Emperor as a gift in celebration of the 66th anniversary of his rule. But within a fortnight of the occupation of Belgrade Serbia was free of the enemy. The Serbian strategy has brilliantly succeeded; and after some desperate engagements, the Austrians are outfought and out-maneuvred. The whole story is a lesson in the advantage of neglecting political sentiment in war and concentrating systematically upon strategic points. It also shows the advantage of being a veteran army. The Serbian troops have been hardened and tried in actual war. Man for man they have asserted a complete personal ascendancy over the enemy.

Materially it is a small success to destroy an obsolete Turkish war vessel of the type of the "Messudiyeh". Morally, however, the exploit of Lieutenant-Commander Holbrook of B11 was not in the least small. Such deeds are a guarantee that the daring and skill of our young naval officers is according to the ancient and honourable standard. Lieutenant-Commander Holbrook dived under five rows of mines, with the narrow channel of the Dardanelles in his rear. He torpedoed the enemy and made his way successfully out, not before his vessel had been submerged for nine hours. The exploit rather gains than loses from the "smallness" of the success for which it was undertaken. It allows us to reflect on what will be dared when the "Messudiyeh" is a German Dreadnought of the line.

Mr. Bonar Law's speech on Monday at the Hotel Cecil was thoroughly typical of him. Sincere and direct, it made no attempt at rhetoric or rounded

phrase, but drove straight at matters of greatest moment. He will have no party scheming or higgling, but declares for patriotism pure and simple. He wishes to bring all the strength of the Unionist Party to bear not against any petty enemy at home, but against the great one abroad. We must be free to criticise the Government, but our criticism must be always aimed at strengthening the striking power of Great Britain—that is clearly his line. It is the right line. Unionists, we think, must bear in mind that the Administration has to be strengthened against the decadent element on its own side, which would stop the war if it could even now, is known to be anything but true to our great ally, Russia, and is still murmuring half-excuses for Germany.

The surprise of Mr. Bonar Law's speech was the letter sent to the Prime Minister on 2 August. It ran thus:—

2 August 1914.

Dear Mr. Asquith,—Lord Lansdowne and I feel it our duty to inform you that in our opinion, as well as in that of all the colleagues whom we have been able to consult, it would be fatal to the honour and security of the United Kingdom to hesitate in supporting France and Russia at the present juncture, and we offer our unhesitating support to the Government in any measures they may consider necessary for that object.—Yours very truly,

A. BONAR LAW.

This letter put at the service of the Government unconditionally the entire resources of the largest party in the country. It emboldened the Government to act at once, and the result was that war was declared and the honour of the country saved. On 31 October we printed an article entitled "The Splendid Conduct of the Opposition". In view of Mr. Bonar Law's revelation this week, the claim will scarcely seem extravagant to any fair mind. We repeat with absolute conviction what we wrote then: no British Opposition in the crisis of a great war has behaved with such complete patriotism as the Opposition did early in August. As we noted in our article, the Whigs during Pitt's great war behaved factiously, whilst the Radicals during the war in South Africa in 1899 and onwards split into two parts—of which one part behaved patriotically, the other disgracefully.

Then Mr. Bonar Law turned to our sailors and soldiers. He paid a glowing tribute to the way they have held high the reputation of the country: "Never in our whole history have our soldiers shown greater devotion, more splendid heroism, or more cheerful courage than on the battlefields of France". Every word is accurately true. Those of us who from boyhood have been steeped in the great pages of Napier and of Kinglake scarcely expected to live to see the exploits of Inkerman, of Albuera, of Balaclava, of Corunna, equalled; or the lustrous records of Delhi and of Lucknow. But we have lived to see them doubled and trebled. Heroism and great endurance have become something like common form wherever British soldiers—men and officers, all ranks and branches—face heavy odds.

He went on to speak of the fine spirit that fires, too, the men who are joining. We agree, again, entirely. The Army that is now being created is already shaping quite splendidly. We have never seen great masses of men—working men, middle class, upper class alike—keener, gamer, more quickly improving. The thing is a revelation. In spite of all the difficulties ahead—and of the slowness, necessarily, of the progress against a nation like Germany that has specialised in war for half a century without pause—the spirit of the men who are joining and now training fills us at times with optimism. Mr. Bonar Law is perfectly right. As to one little paragraph or so of his admirable speech we have a critical word to say—namely, when he remarks: "The marvellous thing is not that a few have failed to join, but that so many have joined". It is scarcely



a case that "a few have failed to join"; but rather that "a few million have failed to join".

Ultimately, there is not the smallest doubt, this country will have all the men the war and the settlement after the war need. As we point out on another page in the REVIEW, Great Britain will reach her military zenith when Germany is turning towards her nadir. For to-day we are only just beginning to draw on the great reservoir: its level is as yet hardly perceptibly lowered. It is necessary to work and to trust: this war will do what peace could probably never have done—it will realise in some form, not yet clear but already taking shape, the project of Mr. Chamberlain: and it will also enable the great organiser at our War Office to-day to forge a national weapon more enduring and powerful than that which Lord Roberts passionately strove for. The Little England era is closing for good: it was the meanest page in our history, as readers of Seeley recognised a quarter of a century since, worse than anything in the eighteenth century.

Writing of Mr. Bonar Law, reminds us that lately he confessed he did not hope for very great things out of the attack on German trade. We believe he judges perfectly right in the matter. What we fear will happen is this: Germany will at the close of the war have a great quantity of manufactured stuff which she will proceed to dump down on our people. We shall break her in war eventually, but she may retaliate commercially on our manufacturers and our workpeople. This will be the result of our vaunted commercial system—or rather of our want of a commercial system. After the war, we shall have to see to this. Three great needs of our country are a common-sense and progressive commercial system, a federation of the Empire, and a National Service.

Both Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith have been heard in the past week-end in speeches of encouragement and advice. More especially Mr. Balfour has again put the Allied cause to the world in a form that lifts it higher than a mere quarrel of the nations. Mr. Balfour, in an eloquent passage, asserted what he conceived to be our own mission and ideal, as contrasted with the *Kultur* of our enemies: "To him and to all men of English speech, wherever they lived and to whatever nation they belonged, it seemed that the international future of our race lay in as far as possible spreading wide the grip and power of international law, and in the raising more and more of the dignity of treaties between States. That was an ideal which the Germans were trampling under foot in theory and in practice. The present struggle was more than national. The whole international future of the world, in his judgment, was hanging in the balance".

The meeting of the three kings—Denmark, Norway and Sweden—is welcome evidence of the solidarity of the Scandinavian countries. All the parties to this regal conference have one end in view—the preservation of a strict and fair neutrality; also a care that none shall suffer by the war more than is inevitably necessary. The outbreak of war immediately threw the two northern kingdoms into closer relation; and now Denmark has followed. We must not attach more importance to the meeting than the Foreign Ministers themselves have claimed for it. There is as yet no entente or alliance—merely a consultation concerning matters which equally interest and concern them all. It is, above all, a peace meeting. Scandinavia wisely desires that peace in Northern Europe shall have some chance to breathe. This meeting is of excellent augury. Now it is known that the three countries are acting together, there will be less chance of any one of them being hurried or harried into war. Each Government speaks now in a firmer voice.

It was clearly impossible that Egypt should continue under the suzerainty of Turkey. The British Government has taken the only possible way out. Egypt is placed under the protection of the British Sovereign,

who thus becomes directly responsible for its defence and protection. Sir Henry MacMahon, appointed High Commissioner, has accepted a difficult task. He has the full confidence and sympathy of the country in taking up his important and high position.

Casement appears now to have been joined by Larkin. We notice a paragraph in the "Labour Leader" announcing that at a meeting in Philadelphia lately commanders of Irish Volunteers and of German Uhlans shook hands and sang, respectively, "God Save Ireland" and "Die Wacht Am Rhein". After this, Larkin appealed for guns with which to fight for "the destruction of the British Empire and the construction of the Irish Republic". When a year or so ago we wrote frankly of Larkin in the SATURDAY REVIEW, some people told us we were stupid and others that we were brutal. Will the distinguished Socialist and Radical politicians who were then extolling Larkin to the skies in daily and in weekly papers and in speeches tell us now what they think of Larkin? No, we hardly expect that one of them will have the manhood to respond to this. They will prefer to hide their heads and pretend they are quite ignorant of what Larkin is doing and saying to-day.

As to Sir Alfred Mond's letter in our correspondence to-day, we freely remove the name of Sir Alfred Mond from the list of those who have supported by speech or by vote the Reduction of Armaments Committee, and regret it was in error included therein. The rest of Sir Alfred Mond's letter is not impressive. The passage from Mr. Bonar Law's speech is, of course, a capital debating point; though it might not be difficult to cap Sir Alfred Mond at the expense of his own leaders and party by laying emphasis on Mr. Bonar Law's concluding words—namely, "If, therefore, war should ever come . . . it will be due to the want of human wisdom"—a conclusion with which all believers in Lord Roberts and National Service must profoundly agree. For the rest, we fancy that this country to-day is scarcely in the humour, after the ghastly slaughter in the Yorkshire towns, to regard as "scaremongers" those who—like Lord Roberts, for instance—warned the country of the terrible German danger. As to raising "highly controversial issues" at the present time, we shall raise these whenever it is necessary to do so in the public interest.

A New York paper has this week accused the Press Bureau in London of "cooking" despatches to make the case against Germany appear blacker; and we see the matter mentioned in the London papers. We are absolutely certain that there is not a word of truth in the story. One may be inclined now and again to criticise the Press Bureau and to suggest that it might be more scientifically systematised by practical experts. But it is in the hands of men who are quite incapable of action such as the New York paper accuses it of. Efficiency is sometimes to seek in our great public departments; but honour is not.

We are asked to bring to the notice of our readers in foreign countries the Patriotic League of Britons Overseas. There are three million British subjects scattered over the world and living under a strange flag. Many of these are anxious to do something collectively for the Allied cause. A central committee, of which Lord Curzon, Lord Milner, Lord Selborne, Lord Aldenham, and Lord Charles Beresford are members, has been formed to collect and organise subscriptions for a battle-ship. The Admiralty have agreed to the scheme, and it only remains to publish it through the world. Branches of the Patriotic League will at once be opened wherever there is a British community; and these branches may possibly become the foundation of a permanent society of British people living abroad. British subjects living abroad wishing to get into direct touch with the League should write to Mr. F. W. Hayne or Mr. W. Maxwell Lyte at 80, Bishopsgate, E.C.

## LEADING ARTICLES.

## THE SATANIC RAID.

THE raid on Scarborough and Whitby this week is a most characteristic German feat of arms. Hartlepool is hardly such a perfect example, such a "crystal" of the German style, because Hartlepool is fortified. It is technically "defended"; and an enemy is quite free, by the ordinary rules of war, to bombard it.

Scarborough is a seaside resort largely used for health and holiday. Whitby is a seafaring town, and has a harbour; but both are undefended; and if every house had been battered to bits the result would not have had strategic importance enough to justify their destruction. However, having nothing better or safer to do at the moment, the leaders of the German Navy, to avenge the sinking of its Pacific squadron and hearten the German people, sends out a few fast cruisers to murder as many harmless and unarmed men, women, and little children as can possibly be managed before the British Fleet can come effectually on the scene. After the German cruisers have killed as many as they can in the small space of time allowed them before our Fleet can reach the spot, they run back to their Kiel Canal or Wilhelmshaven in time to avoid punishment; and next day they are rewarded by announcements in the German Press of a brilliant naval action ending in the complete defeat of Whitby, Scarborough, and Hartlepool. The German people thrills with pride and joy over this very smart affair. It is to be hailed as triumphant proof that the British Navy does not really exist as a fighting force, and that the North Sea is in the control of Admiral von Tirpitz and his men. It does not matter to the German enthusiast that about the nearest approach to a belligerent killed in the towns of Whitby and Scarborough is a postman, and that among the slain are John Ward, aged nine, and George Barnes, aged five; for in its insane spite against things English, Germany does not discriminate in such a matter. Germany is out to win the war; and is out—do not let us lose sight of this cardinal fact for a moment—with blood and iron resolution; but Germany is also out that she may wreak all her spite on everything and everybody British. To pain, to damage the loathed English, to kill their little children, to ruin the ancient buildings—such as Whitby Abbey—which are among the spiritual treasures of vile England, to terrify, if possible, the more nervous Englishwomen with frightful bogeys of Zeppelins, and with rumours of ravishing expeditions in the middle of the night, of German Tarquins on the warpath: here we have an essential part of the German programme to-day, the programme of frightfulness as it has been well called. The German Press reeks with it; the German poets hymn it—quite lately we have received translations of the newest and the most virulent "songs of hate"; and German soldiers and sailors are from time to time made the weapons by which it can be practised. We have always held, and still hold, that the German soldiers and sailors are often brave men, and that, given a free hand, they would fight honourably; but the great body of pooled and nationalised malice and bad blood behind them, the very otto of spite, is too much for the German Army and Navy at times: hence the torpedoing of a ship-load of refugees a while ago in the Channel, and hence this raid on the Yorkshire towns.

Think of it—Whitby, a little town of some ten thousand inhabitants! For all the warlike ends achieved by such an act the German cruisers might as well have bombarded the neighbouring villages of Sandsend or Runswick.

When, earlier in the war, we tried to put into simple English the truth about the acts of Germany in Belgium, and about the methods and the temper with which the German nation is bent on carrying out its campaign, some papers thought we went too far. They were for calling a halt, lest British people, too, should be inflamed, and begin to "hate". War, we were told, is full of illusions, and if one looks at Germany in a detached intellectual way, one will find it no worse than any country at war and fighting for life. Well, however much of truth there may be at the bottom of that rather dark well, the fact remains that Germany is torpedoing boatfuls of refugees when she can catch them to-day, and she is shelling the women and children in undefended towns. She is playing up well to the part which she has cast for herself in the war to-day, the part of the Satan among nations.

What practical, working lesson is to be drawn from this truly hellish act—beyond the lesson impressed on us all anew that we must not rest till we smash utterly the German war machine on sea and land and enter Berlin—it is not easy to say. The disposition of our Fleet, the escape of the cruisers, the power of the German Navy to issue from its ports unsuspected and reach our coast, these are not matters to dabble in and lecture on. Even the greatest expert on such questions could say nothing worth attending to, certainly nothing in the way of severe or adverse criticism, till all the information was clear before him. But there is one point that must have struck a good many people of late who have seen any of the directions as to raids or invasions sent out to certain inhabitants on the East Coast: it is this—that, should a landing be effected, it would be extremely difficult to persuade the inhabitants to remain quietly in their homes. Such directions have been given, and we may believe they are quite sound. But would the people stay? There was nothing in the nature of a panic, we are glad to say, among the bombarded townspeople on Wednesday morning. They held themselves coolly and firmly enough. But there are a great many people all over the country who would probably not wait for an invasion or raiding force to enter their towns or villages; because they know about Belgium and because they know about the horrible and specially distilled spite which Germany nurses against England. This is a matter worth carefully considering.

One word more. Anything harsher than the fate of these civilian people of Scarborough, Whitby, and Hartlepool, neither this nor any war has recorded. It is our privilege to share in the grief of husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, and children who are mourning their kin through this senseless, coward blow. That presently our Fleet will take an unsparing vengeance we know well, but at its best vengeance is a very indifferent solace and no requital at all for most poignant losses such as these people are bearing. The best solace, coming from outside their own home circles, which they can know perhaps is the sterling sympathy of our soldiers and sailors: they have that in full measure. And indeed their sorrow is entered into wherever any sense of human brotherhood stirs men.



## GOING TO WAR UNPREPARED.

IN our view there are two clear duties for a patriotic Press to fulfil at this time: First, the duty to support without reserve the Government's *casus belli* and its policy towards allied and neutral nations. We all rejoice to know now for sure that the Leaders of the Opposition on August 2, recognising the extreme danger of indecision, went to the Government and stiffened its back. Mr. Bonar Law made this perfectly clear in his important speech at the Hotel Cecil this week, and the whole Unionist Party and every patriotic man in the Empire heartily approve what was then written and done. If the Government had kept out of the war, the country would have been put to eternal infamy.

The second duty of patriotic politicians and writers is one of criticism. It is not so pleasant as the first; it is sure to give offence and be angrily resented; and those who fulfil it will often be accused of factious spirit, party ends, etc. But that should not deter us for a moment. It is the duty to keep before public notice any grave and dangerous muddles, blunders, and miscalculations by our ruling statesmen and politicians.

Before Mr. Bonar Law cleared up the matter on Monday, we heard rather too much loose talk about all party criticism being stilled during the war; and, further, that no patriotic or responsible person would think of employing it. Let us, before we assent or dissent, see what is meant by party criticism. If laying aside all party criticism means not engaging in any contest over, say, the Plural Voting Bill or Payment of Members or the Land Inquiry, then we entirely agree. We want to hear nothing more of that old partisan common form during the war—or during the rest of our lives. Plural Voting, Payment of Members, the Land Inquiry, and such like—must not our friends in Greater Britain, those gallant, virile races who are now coming to our aid, have thought we were entering on our drivelling dotage when we were deep in wretched rubbish of that description? Decidedly we want to waste no more words or thoughts over such tricks and cries as those; they degrade a great nation. But we would go further: we wish for a complete truce over Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment: the Unionist Party is advised by Mr. Bonar Law, and willingly accepts his advice, to put quite aside those subjects.

But if, on the other hand, laying aside party criticism means that we are not to criticise Ministers for inefficiency or want of courage or vigour during the war; or if it means that we must not examine carefully their records as regards Germany and our Army and Navy before the war; if it means we must not examine their larger European policy generally during the last few years that led up to the crisis and the war, then we must absolutely dissent. Such criticism, such examination of past records and policy, become an absolute duty to the country. If we suspect the presence of shirkers, muddlers, and inefficient in the political ranks we must look into their conduct, and, if necessary, expose and criticise them as drastically at least as shirkers, muddlers, and inefficient would be dealt with on the military or the naval side.

The question of this country's preparation, or want of preparation, for the war is, for instance, obviously a matter for close examination, and, if needs be, for severe criticism. The Military Correspondent of the "Times", who probably knows more of this question than any living man, does not mince matters: he spoke out last Tuesday, and we advise people to study his words carefully.

The claim of the "Daily News" and its followers, who contend that they were perfectly right from the first about Germany and have nothing to withdraw or regret is fairly surpassed by the claim of the "Westminster Gazette". The "Westminster" last Saturday rebuked the "some persons who imagine that the outbreak of the war found us in a state of mili-

tary unpreparedness"! This surely is the last word in "coolness". Prepared for this war! We wonder what the "Westminster Gazette" would answer if it were asked to say "yes" or "no" to these simple questions:—(1) Had—and have—we enough rifles? (2) Had—and have—we enough officers? (3) Had—and have—we enough khaki? (4) Had—and have—we enough men? And if our contemporary replies "yes" to these questions (our idea is, however, that it will say neither "yes" nor "no"), perhaps it would explain, simply, how it is that, having enough rifles and officers and khaki and men, we are yet hard at work day and night—in the midst of the war for which we were prepared!—collecting a great many more rifles, officers, and men.

Loyalty to one's political party is a good quality in a newspaper or in a man, but really the line must be drawn somewhere; and we suggest to our contemporary that it should, for the present, draw it here. To state that this country was in any sense fit for a military campaign against Germany, when the Government declared war on Germany—as they were bound to do and right to do—is to state something quite too fantastic for any grown man, any sober man, to believe. It would be as reasonable as if, say, Paraguay or San Marino declared it was fully prepared to go to naval war against Great Britain or Germany.

The "Westminster Gazette" really cannot mean that we were prepared for a great military campaign against Germany or against any Great Power. The thing is too preposterous: the mad hatter in "Alice in Wonderland" would not have suggested it. What, then, do our contemporary and its friends mean when they say we were in "a state of preparedness"? Have they somewhere stowed away at the back of their minds the proviso "prepared for some small and reasonable campaign, such as an island Power"—as Mr. Acland, M.P., put it when he was for chastising Lord Roberts—"may wage"? If that is the idea, we agree the Government were in "a state of preparedness". But, alas, the small and reasonable military campaign of "an island Power" does not apply in the case of Germany.

But perhaps at the back of the "Westminster's" mind is the idea that our Army, however small and insufficient for the great task put upon it, was, so far as it went, prepared. Here again we should wholly and unreservedly agree. Our Army is to-day, as of old, composed of glorious, combative, hard-bitten, and—against anything like equal numbers—invincible troops. It is the greatest little army of the modern world; and we feel sure that saying this we shall not give the smallest offence to our Allies. Its endurance is above praise. We believe in every arm of it, and in every regiment of it. Our Army is drill-perfect and pluck-perfect.

But what has this to do with being prepared to engage in a colossal land struggle with the greatest military Power that has ever been? Where to-day we have a few hundred thousand, we must, obviously, have a few millions (a) to carry through, with our Allies, the magnificent but extremely ambitious programme of the Prime Minister; and (b) to make anything like a show in the settlement. We are now hard at work creating the great army which has to do this work. We are going to have the millions instead of the hundred thousands; and also enough rifles, khaki, guns, and all the rest of the equipment and munitions of war. Without a doubt the country will do it. We shall be near our zenith when Germany is turning towards her nadir.

This, however, does not show that, when the Government entered into war with Germany last August they were in "a state of preparedness" for such a vast and costly campaign. It points, of course, quite to the contrary.

We went into this war utterly unready for it on the military or land side. It is foolish and dangerous to disguise this stern truth from ourselves: all the world

knows it. We may well be said to have muddled into the war so far as our military preparations were concerned. But we shall methodise through it. We shall come out all right eventually: thanks to our sailors and soldiers, and to the splendid loyalty of India, Canada, Australasia, and all Greater Britain; thanks to the superb organiser and master soldier who rules at the War Office to-day; and thanks to the set purpose of our people.

#### MAKING AN ARMY.

THE spirit of our present volunteer army in the making is heartening and splendid. Everyone shares in the pride with which the country hails its volunteer soldiers and watches the swelling of its muster-rolls. This positive side of our recruiting is, indeed, wholly satisfactory. But voluntary recruiting, though for the moment it meets our immediate need, and though the country and its leaders are proud to observe it, cannot by its nature meet the needs of the future. Voluntary recruiting must rise and fall; it cannot ensure that, according to a fixed time-table, there shall be a steady and persistent flow of men. The Departments need to know that as fast as they require a given number of men, as fast as they can equip and employ them, the men will be there to be drawn upon and called up according to the programme. For the moment voluntary recruiting hides this necessity owing to the first rushes of men not being yet exhausted. But the time will come when the Departments will starve. This is the time of which we are thinking when we urge the need of obligatory service. Can it be definitely asserted—not that the voluntary system is now supplying as many men as the Departments can deal with—that is not the point—but that in six months from now, or in seven, so many men will be regularly enlisting from week to week? We believe that this question can only be answered in one way. The numbers must be certain and assured; and they can only be certain and assured under a scheme which takes, by law, the required number at the moment they are wanted.

The importance which is attached to the principle of obligatory service and the widespread wish that it should be pressed home now are shown in many ways. We wish to call attention particularly to the second of "A Privy Councillor's" communications, which appears in the SATURDAY REVIEW to-day. It certainly shows by remarkable parallels that Mr. Asquith, in turning a deaf ear to Lord Roberts, only followed the precedent of Lord Goodrich, of Peel, and of Lord John Russell, when they refused to attend to the Duke of Wellington; but that is no real excuse.

Correspondents continue to write to us on the subject, and to insist that some form of general national service is the only way to carry through the war and save the nation. What we want to reach is a speedy agreement as to the principle. The details, the exact nature of the scheme to be applied, would soon follow. Three weeks ago we drew up, and offered for criticism, what seemed to us a practical plan in the rough. We outlined the plan as one sure to give the country what it supremely needs—a perfectly steady, continuous flow of recruits. If a better and more acceptable plan can be produced, well and good. Meanwhile, we think it advisable to repeat here the main lines of the plan, together with some of the remarks we made in introducing it:—

I. After 1 March, 1915, it shall be obligatory on all men in the British Islands till the end of the war (a) between the ages of 25 and 35 to serve in the Field Army; (b) between the ages of 36 and 45 to serve in the Home Defence Army.

II. The number of men who can periodically be dealt with by the Department of War shall be called up to serve as they are required; and the

call shall be determined by ballot, the men being drawn for service for successive months or other periods.

III. On a county census the manhood shall be divided into, say, ten bands, and all the men shall ballot as to which call or period their services are required for. According as each man draws a slip for the first, second, third, etc., call or band, he shall be called up in the first, second, third, etc., month or period. Men drawn for a call, but found not required for that particular time of drawing, shall be taken for the next period.

IV. The men called up shall be sent to the county depôts for clothing and equipment, and the selection for the particular branches of the Army made there by War Office authority.

V. The duty of finding the quota shall be a State duty imposed on the Lord-Lieutenant of each county and his Deputy-Lieutenants, one for each Petty Sessional division.

VI. For all youths between 19 and 20 a form of military training shall be prescribed.

No doubt at the first blush the thing may appear somewhat drastic or oppressive to those whose idea of a war in which this country engages is an idea of something that is to be carried on solely by a small standing army, backed up more or less remotely by some bodies of volunteers who can be spared or are willing to disengage themselves for a while from their ordinary business pursuits. We may be told by those who have nursed themselves on this comforting notion that what we here propose is out-and-out "militarism". It is idle to dispute with them as to whether that term describes it or no.

The point is that the Government of this country have gone into a war—gone into it, we hold, because they could not honourably and could not safely keep out of it—which cannot be waged on the old tradition of a small standing army for service abroad, with a body of volunteers for the defence of our shores against a bogey invasion. We now know clearly from the Government itself that an army all told of well over two million men is absolutely necessary, and the bogey is now recognised by all intelligent and serious opinion as quite a grave menace to be at once guarded against.

Such a plan of obligatory service as we suggest will ensure a steady and continuous flow, which can be scientifically dealt with and utilised to a man. There will be no unfairness, no confusion, and until a man is called up through the ballot he will be able to pursue his daily business. We do not, of course, claim absolute finality for the scheme. It is set forth as a practical suggestion—a plan to which it would be possible to work.

We earnestly hope the public will now concentrate attention on the safe, just, and absolutely effective policy of obligatory service. It is the only fair way, the only dignified way. It is nothing if not democratic—the strength of the people. It will put a close instantly to the extremely unpleasant and dangerous wrangle which is savagely rising in the country on the question of "shirking", and which may put man against man and household against household. Finally, it will bring us to a lasting peace.

That which the Federal Government in America dared to do in a great emergency fifty years ago—call up its manhood without fear or favour—we should do now in a crisis still more menacing. We have to go on making an army month by month, even when voluntary recruiting droops or is exhausted. The number of men is limited who regard themselves as specially and individually called to serve as an exceptional and personal thing. Service must be made the national duty of every man. Only then will every man acknowledge—and gladly acknowledge—the call.



## THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. 29) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

THE SEAS. REFERENCE MAP, GREAT BRITAIN.

THE bellringers of Berlin are undoubtedly short of an opportunity for joy work. The pall that must have supervened from the obliteration of the German Pacific fleet, the triumph of our adventurous seaman over their modern ally in the Dardanelles, required some counterpoise to raise again the spirits of the Teuton. An unquestionably bold adventure by their swift cruiser fleet has to be recorded, but as a military undertaking this raid upon our Eastern coasts has no significance. A timely calculation by the German admiral has, as far as we know, permitted him and his fleet to return unscathed to his shelter. Wherever our naval base happened to be, and its locality must be well known to the enemy, the German commander must have assured himself beforehand that in the race for his home ports he had a splendid handicap. With a coast line on our eastern shores of nigh 600 miles to watch, we can now appreciate the task of the Admiral of our own Grand Fleet. It is early to comment upon the so-called surprise. That it was purposed has been known for weeks. That it may be an intended screen for some future movement time alone will show. Much as we deplore the slaughter of our innocent citizens, this German adventure to our coast may prove to be the very incentive that we require, for it should raise upon the graves of the victims of the ruthless bombardment new armies of able-bodied men sworn to avenge the deaths of their countrymen. It will bring war home to us, for have we not the iron proofs of its existence in our streets. It will remind those that "sleep quietly in their beds" that they have imbibed a pernicious doctrine, that we are really fighting for a great cause and against a ruthless barbarian foe. It should prove to us that we must put forth our very greatest efforts if we really hope to come out as victors; that war, if it is to lead to victory, means sacrifice of men before sacrifice of money and luxury. More than all, it should prove to us that we are not invulnerable on our own element, and that in war nothing is impossible. This bold challenge at our gates will surely straighten out much wobbling thought about citizen rights and citizen action. Is a man to defend his home or watch it being shelled before his eyes? This raid should fortify the doubter into the spirit that will hearten him to demand arms for use in the cause of his country. This adventure of the chivalrous Kaiser and his Grand Admiral von Tirpitz into our home waters should lead to some form of self-imposed obligatory service by the sheer force of a unanimous demand for the right to bear arms in defence of women, home and country.

THE WESTERN THEATRE. REFERENCE MAP  
"TIMES", 16 DECEMBER.

"A very difficult task to perform", says the despatch of Sir J. French on 20 November, where it alludes to the duty imposed upon the newly organised divisions of cavalry and infantry under Sir H. Rawlinson's command that came under the Field-Marshal's orders on 16 October. We are privileged to read an official narrative of the work of these two divisions recorded in the Staff Diary of General Byng's 3rd Cavalry Division. The diary is intensely interesting to a military reader, for it links up the story of the Naval excursion to Antwerp on 4-6 October with the miscalculation of the power of resistance of that fortress, which led to the abortive attempt of Sir H. Rawlinson's force to relieve pressure on the besieged garrison. This force landed at Ostend and Zeebrugge on 6 October for a purpose which has not officially transpired; but the sudden collapse of the defence of Antwerp freed so many hostile troops as to imperil the security of Sir H. Rawlinson's small army. So insecure did the General feel on arrival at Bruges that he cut himself off from his base at Ostend, packed off his supplies and their guards by sea to Dunkirk,

and started on his own with the 7th Infantry Division and the 3rd Cavalry Division to join the main armies on the south-west, which were operating under the Allied Commander. We read of a rearguard fight for some ten days; also how this brave little force played a splendid game of bluff against considerable odds, until it was cheered by meeting French cavalry on its left and our own 2nd Cavalry Division on its right. A still higher trial was to fall to the duty of this gallant band, for for four days it was to show front against enormous odds, to cover the completion of the great right-wheel which was to bring into the new line the armies removed from the banks of the Aisne. The casualty list must speak for the toughness of the struggle: 44 officers left out of 400, 2,336 men out of 12,000, answered to the muster roll when this gallant band was withdrawn from the firing line and allowed to refit. The whole story will reckon high even among many of the great achievements of the British Army; but the modest narrative of the part played by General Byng and his active horsemen will live in history as an example of what work can be got out of well-trained cavalry. We can trace upon the map the very extended fronts upon which the 6th and 7th Cavalry Brigades, with their horse batteries, were called upon to act. They did their bluffing task right well, trying horse and rider hard in their distant and rapid operations, and when by sheer force of numbers they were shepherded, we find them fighting one day side by side with comrade infantry in trenches, and next day showing from the backs of their chargers all the dash that betokens the true cavalry spirit.

Who dares to say that the day of the cavalryman is past, when we can demonstrate to the world that we can train to perfection a horseman that can both ride and shoot? Alas! that want of numbers in our Army condemn these active soldiers to the shelters of trench warfare. When can we be justified in sounding an advance?

Facts are stubborn things. The iron grip with which the German holds what he has gained in the two theatres of war upon which he is fighting must testify that the result of the war on land so far has been that Germany has won a distinct success. She has fought on foreign soil. She holds Russia at arm's length well across her frontier. She holds Belgium and parts of eastern France with a band of steel which nothing but numbers and superior forged weapons will smash. The defects in the war machinery of the Allies are transparent and the Teuton is not slow to take his advantage, wielding as he can and does a steam hammer of tried temper, the work of refining the metal of the manhood of the nation in the fire of a trained discipline with the single object of bitter war. The answer to the everyday question as to the duration of this gigantic contest can be answered by two men: the man in the streets of London and his fellow man at Warsaw. On both theatres he sees daily the patent failure of existing means to the end, but still the end in sight. Legs without arms in the West, arms without legs in the East. No wonder that the most perfect war machine in the world can buffet at will two adversaries so misshapen and defective in war armour. When the Allies have in both theatres of the war realised their shortcomings and set themselves to the task before them in real earnest, then we can go ahead. Men and more men, arms and more arms we must have for the strife in our western area; rails and more rails for our gallant allies in the Polish area, where congestion alone has denied them the active use of the superabundance of splendid armed material at their disposal, now absolutely ankle-shackled.

When the true story of the past four months' campaign in Eastern France and Flanders comes to be written we shall be able to realise of what supreme value a correct decision of a military problem can be to an army and a nation. Unsuccessful as we have been so far as judged by the position which the opposing armies hold in the field we shall learn from history how very much worse the situation might have

been had it not been that on more than one occasion a man with a genius for war above its ordinary, accepted rules had opportunely been upon the scene on the very spot and at the very hour when a decision of infinite importance had to be made. Military genius is perhaps somewhat more than the outcome of using the powers of the mind and the soul towards the business of war. It is the creation of new ideas when under the stress of war itself; the intelligent application of the study of war when in the presence of danger; the resolution to determine for oneself what to others appears to be in the province of uncertainty.

In the comparatively small army that we ourselves have up to date been able to put into the field the shortness in numbers has been much balanced by the ability and genius of its commander. In the wars of a century ago it was an accepted fact that the presence of the War Master, Napoleon, upon the field was worth 30,000 men. Our own Iron Duke we reckoned as worth a division. We shall find in coming history that we have had an individual asset the worth of many thousands of men in the operations of the past few months. The step by step up the ladder of his profession, the grinding through rank by rank in the military machine, the superintendence and the responsibility of the training of such numbers as we could muster in our military centres and manœuvre areas, has been the province fortunately of our great Field-Marshal. He knows his officers, he knows his men, and he knows better than both what men can do, and it is that knowledge that justifies a man in chancing fortune and taking risks, and it is that confidence which justified him more than once in undertaking tasks which to others spelt reverse. This is no excuse, however, for trying too high or overtaxing the staying powers of the small force which we have up to date contributed to the cause of the Allied Army.

Never again must our chosen commander be placed in such an unworthy position as was his on the 15th November last, when after his heroic army, with superhuman efforts, had hurled back the legions of the Kaiser in a three weeks' contest, it was denied the fruits of victory by pure inability to move for want of numbers. The decisive factor in this struggle was predestined by fate some weeks earlier to be elsewhere. To an island Power the Goddess of Fortune is double-headed, with eyes looking landwards on one side and to the seas and lands beyond on the other. The mishap on the Mediterranean waters which threw Turkey into the arms of Germany locked up on the banks of the Suez Canal the very force that might have given impetus to the brave army that broke the enemy before Ypres. Such is war, but such miscalculation and ignorance of war is a blot on the Government and administration of a nation which prefers to allow its sons to hold its manhood cheap and free to lift or not a finger in its country's cause.

#### OUR LESSON AND OUR OBLIGATION.—II.

BY A PRIVY COUNCILLOR.

[Specially communicated to the SATURDAY REVIEW.]

A YEAR—nay, six months—ago half the people in this country who gave the matter any consideration at all thought that Lord Roberts could not see beyond the limits of his own profession, and would, if he could get his way, lay an intolerable burden of militarism upon his countrymen. More than half the Cabinet and far more than half the House of Commons, whatever may have been the private misgivings of individual members, acted according to that view, and it is safe to say that nine-tenths of the population of the United Kingdom never gave the subject any serious thought whatever. Ministers, for the most part, scrupulously avoided the question of home defence; in their rare references to it from the platform they indicated the Territorial Force (though it was already showing serious shrinkage) as quite adequate

for the purpose. Even those who went so far as to recognise home defence as the primary obligation upon every citizen hastened to assure their audience that nothing was farther from the intention of the Government than to enforce that obligation. And so, while the tornado was brewing within sight and hearing of those entrusted with the duty of seeing and hearing for the nation, our rulers applied themselves exclusively to striking off imaginary fetters of feudalism, voting salaries for members of the House of Commons, scrapping such parts of the constitutional machine as interfered with its action as a party engine, and heaping loaves and fishes upon masses of people quite irrespective of whether the recipients had done anything to earn them. The average Radical was quite at ease about the strength of our land forces so long as they might be reckoned sufficient for the suppression of Ulster loyalists.

There is nothing new in all this. It is considerably more than two thousand years since Thucydides dedicated his history of the Peloponnesian War to "those who desire to have a true view of what has happened, and of the like or similar things which, in accordance with human nature (*τὸ ἀνθρώπειον*) will probably happen hereafter". If, therefore, it can be shown that similar warnings to those uttered by Lord Roberts have been addressed to former Cabinets with similar negative results, it will require extraordinary vigilance and energy on the part of a self-governing people to avert a relapse into that unreadiness for action which has cost us so dearly during the past four months. The national conscience has received a violent shock. We now realise in part, as some day our children will do in full, how very near we have been to the brink of destruction.

Lord Roberts has not been the first great and experienced commander to warn the Government of the awful risk which they were allowing the country to run. For more than twenty years the Duke of Wellington strove to rouse Ministers to a sense of the danger, and explained the necessary minimum of preparation. His correspondence, published and unpublished, teems with letters on the subject. To cite some of them. In 1827, when the Treasury was pressing for establishments, already meagre, to be cut down, the Duke laid before the Prime Minister, Lord Goderich, a long memorandum calling attention to steam power as affecting the security of these islands. He considered, indeed, that it never could be used in ships of war, but he held that its application to transports "would give a certainty to the movements of an expedition, which such expeditions never had before". He protested in very strong terms against any reductions at the expense of efficiency, and declared that *any reduction must be followed by hasty augmentation*. (We are in a position to realise the accuracy of that forecast.)

Well, the memorandum was duly pigeon-holed; the proposed reduction took effect; Parliament and the nation plunged into the whirlpool of Catholic Emancipation and Reform, until, at the close of William IV.'s reign, the British Army was on a lower establishment than it had been at any time during the century. The Militia, so valuable during the Napoleonic wars, had been permanently disbanded, and Pitt's Volunteers were no more.

When Queen Victoria came to the throne the old Duke returned to the charge. Among others, he wrote to Sir Willoughby Gordon, in 1838:—

"The state of our military force is very distressing. The Government will not—they dare not—look our difficulties in the face and provide for them. I don't believe any Government that could be formed in these days would have the power".

That last sentence might have been written with absolute truth six months ago, but things have mightily altered since. It is in the power of the Government now, with the entire assent of the nation and support of the Opposition, to lay the foundation



of a thorough and enduring system of universal service.

Hear the Duke again in 1844 (he was now Commander-in-Chief) urging Peel to remedy the defenceless state of our arsenals and provide against the danger of invasion, "aggravated beyond all calculation by the progress of steam navigation, its threatened application to maritime warfare, and the known preparations of our neighbour and naval State in this peculiar equipment".

Nothing came of this warning. In 1845 we were on the brink of war with France; Peel made an optimist speech in the House, which elicited from the Duke a long letter, from which space will only allow quotation of a sentence here and there:—

"I sincerely wish I could persuade you to consider calmly this great and important subject, compared with which all other interests of the country are mere trifles. . . . Her Majesty's dominions are in a state of defence worse than that of the frontier in any State of Europe contiguous to France; every port open to attack, for the defence of which we have no one disposable soldier. . . . I defy all the fleets of England to save it, without the assistance of an army in the field. I entreat you to weigh all this well. . . . I tell you fairly that I consider the danger so certain and so imminent that I conceive that, if there existed an absence of party and prejudice in our Imperial councils, that which ought to be recommended is an alteration in the military policy of the country".

At the present time, for the first time in the experience of three generations, "party and prejudice" are in abeyance. Now, then, is the moment for Ministers to prepare a thorough reconstruction of our military system. Peel excused himself from undertaking anything of the sort because the country was "encumbered with a debt of 787 millions", in the reduction whereof little had been done during thirty years of peace. Similar reception was accorded to the Duke's remonstrance addressed to Lord John Russell, when he succeeded Peel in 1846. Finally, in 1847, came his letter to Sir John Burgoyne, which found its way to fame through the indiscretion of a lady who communicated it to the Press, much to the writer's displeasure, for it was against his principles to rouse the indignation of the people against the Government of the day. The letter is exceedingly long; there are passages in it which apply as shrewdly to present conditions as to those of seventy years ago, and the whole document is worth perusal were it only to illustrate the identity of the precepts of Wellington and Roberts. Submarines, mines, and torpedoes have affected the security of our shores in a measure no whit less momentous than the substitution of steam for sails:—

"You are aware that I have for years been sensible of the alteration produced in maritime warfare and operations by the application of steam to the propelling of ships at sea. . . . I have in vain endeavoured to awaken the attention of different administrations to this state of things, as well known to our neighbours as it is to ourselves. . . . We hear a great deal of the spirit of England, for which no man entertains higher respect than I do. But unorganised, undisciplined, without systematic subordination established and well understood, this spirit, opposed to the fire of musketry and cannon, and to sabres and bayonets of disciplined troops, would only expose those animated by such spirit to confusion and destruction. . . . I am bordering upon seventy-seven years of age, passed in honour. I hope the Almighty may protect me from being the witness of the tragedy which I cannot persuade my contemporaries to take measures to avert".

The Duke found an effective ally in the late Prince Consort, and between them they persuaded the

Government to revive the old Militia. Its services in the Crimean War, during the Indian Mutiny, and in the South African War have been requited by suppression.

## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

### THE ISLANDS OF THE DRAGON-FLY.—II.

THE PLEASAUNCE OF A JAPANESE PRIEST.\*

BY BISHOP FRODSHAM.

"LEISURELY I face my inkstone all day long, and without any particular object, jot down the odds and ends that pass through my mind, with a curious feeling that I am not sane." Thus Kenko, the Buddhist priest, commences a book which has been regarded as a classic work in Japan for something like six centuries. It must be allowed that there are no outward signs of insanity in these pages written at random to while away the impracticable hours. If Kenko is to be taken seriously, then he may have been dimly conscious of the illusion of the senses. This is a state of mind less easily attained in Japan than in India, and Kenko was no deep thinker. On the other hand it would be a mistake to regard Yoshida no Kaneyoshi, to give him his lay-name, as a simple fellow chewing a straw. *Tsure-tsure Gusa* means literally "leisure-grass", and Kenko may have suggested the idea with an ironical humility which he knew well how to affect. As a matter of fact he was a courtier deeply attached to the Mikado Go Uda no In. On the death of his Lord he renounced the world, and became religious—after a fashion. And the studied simplicity of his style is in reality the result of consummate art.

Very contradictory views are taken of Kenko's character by native critics. One set regard him as an old profligate. Another school say that he was a pious man. Mr. Sanki Ichikawa, who writes an admirable introduction to this translation, with truer perspective says that Kenko "lived the life of a recluse without being able entirely to forego the passions and desires of the world." In *Tsure-tsure Gusa* it is not difficult to trace this dual personality. There is the shrewd, polished, artistic, somewhat cynical man of the world, and there is the Buddhist priest quite sincere, and consistent—up to a point. As a professor of the Tendai sect, Kenko has a great many excellent things to say about the uncertainty of life, the folly of ambition, and the necessity of putting aside the lusts of the flesh. On the other hand he chewed some blades of leisure-grass which his best friends must heartily wish he had kept to himself.

Mr. Sanki Ichikawa maintains that an endeavour to inculcate Japanese good taste in everything runs, like a golden thread, through all the inconsequent paragraphs of these random writings. This is probably true. From an Occidental point of view Kenko might be regarded as a well-crusted Tory. *Laudator temporis acti* is a tag in which he would have rejoiced. He was a patrician with a fine idea of good birth. To the third and fourth generation the sons of gentlefolk are gentle, he thought, even though they fall at times into poverty. On the other hand, "when those of lower degree chance to rise in the world, and assume an aspect of arrogance, though they may think themselves grand, it is very regrettable". Moreover, Kenko had a fine conception of *noblesse oblige*. Those who, when the people are in distress and the land suffering, think it no wrong to indulge in wild extravagance, appeared to this cloistered courtier as "sadly lacking in intelligence". There is a studied moderation in language here, and elsewhere, very attractive to those in England who reverence the past and believe in a man saying rather less than he means—a belief shared by the Japanese.

Kenko could not away with vulgarity in any shape. The rough voices of the priests, he thought, did not

\* "The Miscellanies of a Japanese Priest" (being a translation of *Tsure-tsure Gusa*). William N. Porter. H. Milford, Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.

show these followers of the Lord Buddha to advantage. The ostentatious display of rare and valuable furniture led him to surmise unfavourably what was the character of the owner. The man who talked too much, and the friend who could talk of nothing but his own endless affairs, were not desirable companions. Dr. Aston, the scholarly Japanese Secretary to the British Legation in Tokyo, summarised what Kenko considered to be "bad taste" thus:—

Too much furniture in one's living-room.  
Too many pens in a stand.  
Too many Buddhas in a private shrine.  
Too many rocks, trees, and herbs in a garden.  
Too many children in a house.  
Too many words when men meet.  
Too many books in a book-case there can never be, nor too much litter in a dustheap.

This is Japanese, with a vengeance, yet —!

In the eighteenth century Kenko might have been hailed in this country as a man of sentiment. He had a keen eye not only for beauty, but for half-lights. To him it seemed incomparably more touching than gazing at a spotless full moon to wait and watch till, when near daybreak, the queen of heaven appeared above the branches of the cedars in the wild mountains; and then "to note the shadows between the trees, and how all grows dim beneath the clustering clouds as the gentle rain begins to fall". "'Tis then", he said, "that the leaves of the oak trees glistening in the wet pierce one to the heart, and make one long to get back to the capital and the society of one's friends". The anti-climax, to say the least, is surprising. It reminds one of the Scottish gentleman who, after recounting to his friend the manifold beauties of Glasgow, concluded with the unanswerable argument that it was "a fine place to get away from".

Lafcadio Hearn used to say that in nothing were the East and the West so widely divided as in their outlook upon the assertive interest of love. There is no possibility of anyone who knows Japan disputing this shrewd conclusion, and Kenko wrote from an Eastern standpoint. He had many highly improving things to say about the vanity of love—from a Buddhist point of view. As a man of taste he thought that the love of sweethearts who see one another continuously is a poor thing compared to what they experience when, alone, their "thoughts fly to the far away clouds and the regretted days of old in their now deserted hut". As a courtier, he confessed that a man who does not appreciate female society, although perfect in many ways, yet seemed to him as "unnatural as a wine bowl without a bottom". He concluded, however, that a man should not be "too gay. To be thought by woman rather a difficult man to get on with is the best". Marriage to the young Japanese is a simple natural duty for the due performance of which his parents will make all necessary arrangements at the proper time. Kenko, however, was not pleased with the man who took to himself a wife only by the permission of his parents and brothers. Still less had he to say in favour of marriages of convenience. Such marriages he characterised as being a "very wretched state of affairs":—

"He who is not loved for his own sake when standing in the cloudy moonlight while the air is sweet with the perfume of the plums, or when brushing through the dew drops at the break of day upon Mikaki Moor had far better have nothing to do with love at all."

This is good, but what has Japanese judgment to say of Kenko's attitude towards the married state—for the family occupies a high place in Japan. After expressing his own disapproval of matrimony, largely regarded from a selfish standpoint it will be allowed, Kenko concluded that a man may be happy though married. If he lives apart from his wife as a rule, "it will be no affliction then for him to go and pay her a little visit".

Japan is the paradise of children, but Kenko had no desire for any such possession. He quoted with

approval the "ancestral stories of an old man" which run: "It was well for Samedono no Daijin that he had no son, for it is a terrible thing to have inferior descendants". None the less he quotes with approval the uncouth rustic, with savage-like appearance, who once meeting a bystander asked: "Have you any children?" The latter made answer: "I have not had one". "Then", remarked the outspoken rustic, "you cannot know what fellow-feeling is. To act with a heart devoid of humanity is very terrible, and if you had a child of your own it would arouse feelings of infinite pity within you". Too much may not be assumed from this in Kenko's favour. He was not thinking, in all probability, of anything more than what the French call *cœur sensible* when applied to an emotional susceptibility of impressions.

It must not be assumed that Kenko was an unworthy priest. He was sincere enough in his way. He was broad-minded. He was tolerant of Shintoism. He was a student of Confucius and not unfamiliar with the speculations of "the old philosopher", Lao Tzu. His full ecclesiastical title was *Kenko-boshi*. The latter word is somewhat similar to the English title "reverend" although it is manifestly incongruous to speak of "the Revd. Kenko". It is positively grotesque, however, when Mr. Porter, in translating the Japanese words for the various ranks of the Buddhist hierarchy drags in the terminology of the English Church. The words "Bishop" and "Archdeacon" cannot be regarded as simple rank values without respect to the completely divergent conditions of Christianity and Buddhism. To attempt to interpret the one in the terms of the other leads to endless confusion of thought, and grotesque misconceptions. Look, for instance, at that much respected man whom Mr. Porter insists upon calling "Archdeacon Jōshin of the Shinjo Temple". Kenko with not a little humour describes the "Archdeacon", and his "parochial" habits, including his inordinate fondness for yams, thus:—

"Even when he sat down to preach he had a large basin piled up close by, and kept eating them while he was preaching his sermon. Whenever he fell ill he would shut himself up for a week or two by way of treatment, and picking out as many yams as he wished he would eat more than ever, which cured him of all his ailments. When on his parochial (sic) visits he partook of a meal, he never waited for the rest of the company to be served, but as soon as he had been waited upon he immediately began to eat by himself; and when he was ready to go home, he at once got up and went off alone. I do not think he took regular dinner and supper like other men; when he wished to eat he ate, whether at dead of night or at break of day; and when he wished to sleep he retired to rest, even at midday, whatever was happening and heedless of what people might say. Any night when he awoke or was unable to sleep, with an undefiled heart he would walk up and down whistling. Though all this was very unusual people did not dislike him, but overlooked his many eccentricities."

Mr. Ichikawa assures us that *Tsure-zure Gusa* is as true to Japanese character to-day as it was six hundred years ago. We can readily believe it, for, in an elusive fashion, we feel that the men and women whom Kenko described are very like the Western players we watch on life's stage.

MAXIME GORKY.

By R. BIRKMYRE AND E. YAKOUNNIKOFF.

MAXIME GORKY might be called the stormy petrel of Russian literature. He not only heralds the storm; he sometimes even hastens it. He is now on the wing, and if the storm has not yet burst at least the clouds are gathering. The "Bitter One" has had many a tossing and buffeting, poor soul, since



he first saw Mother Volga and the mosques of his native Nijni Novgorod. The makeshifts he was put to to earn a living before he found a "profession" are as pitiful as they are varied. We know them well; for, whatever we may not know about Gorky or the meaning of his work, we are never allowed to forget he was a baker's assistant, a scullery-hand on board a "tramp" steamer; and, among other things, a vendor of *kvass* and a painter of ikons. This appears in newspapers as often as Gorky emerges from obscurity. Gorky is more heroic in the popular imagination as a jack-of-all-trades than as a writer of grim, mordant tales!

The world has not heard much of Gorky lately. He has been in exile, first in Capri, and then in Finland—it is eight years since he was last in Russia. The "Russkoye Slovo", the chief organ to which he writes, had not long ago an interview with the exile. It was naturally more sympathetic than a previous impression which appeared in the "Novoe Vremya". The latter, a frank satire, evidently written by no friendly hand, was an entertaining, if extravagant, picture of the novelist in exile. The writer dwelt in a quasi-facetious vein on the lack of material for "ragamuffin literature" in Capri and Gorky's boredom as he paced to and fro the beach. "Instead of Tom Gordiev", wrote the eyewitness, "Gorky sees with loathing in the distance the figure of a self-concentrated English tourist focussing his field-glasses on him and apparently taking him for some new species of amphibia". The following description is a sheer travesty of Gorky's metaphysical studies:—"Occasionally he may be seen poking the soft golden sand with the end of his walking-stick and asking himself naïvely: 'Now, I wonder where the sand that used to fill this hole has disappeared. It's really marvellous! How is it possible that existence should pass into non-existence through the simple motion of a walking-stick?'"

Capri restored his health, but he was nearer home and much happier in Finland. His exact whereabouts was a secret known only to his friends. It was somewhere in the "wilds of Finland", far from a railway station. The modest house where he was staying lies remote from the foot of man, and was almost buried in a thick shroud of snow. It is a desolate place, with scarcely a bush or a tree to break the bleak monotony—a typical, dreary Finnish landscape, with bitter winds and short Arctic twilights. To this wilderness came an interviewer from Moscow. He was shown into a little room. A *samovar* hummed cheerfully on a round table; from the wall came the peaceful ticking of a clock. This is where Gorky stayed till he was thoroughly rested and the tiresome formalities of obtaining a passport to enable him to pass on into Russia were completed. All this is happily over now and Gorky is at home in St. Petersburg and Moscow, where he is quietly writing his "Reminiscences", containing, as we know, some of his finest work. It seems that Gorky is no longer "sallow", and that his "nervous illness" has disappeared. He dresses with the old simplicity. The traditional low-collared garb is now substituted for a high-collared leather jacket.

Gorky has not only improved physically, but he has developed spiritually. He who was content eight years ago to be the Zola of the Russian *Bosyak*—i.e., "ragamuffin"—seems now anxious to assume the rôle of apostle. He comes to preach the gospel of spiritual vigour to a tired Russia, and he even hints at a campaign against the "passivity" which he thinks corrodes the Russian character. The years of exile have bred in him a demon of action. "There is too much talk about 'life'", he says oracularly. "Let there be more 'life' and less talk." The "pervading passivity" of the Russian character is the windmill at which this hyperborean Don Quixote is about to tilt. Let Russia tremble! There is already apprehension in some circles in Petrograd and Moscow, for Gorky is not a popular man among his contemporaries; this coming is not universally welcomed. He is a sower of discontent—the seed of discord—in short, an uncomfortable fellow.

Gorky spoke of other things beside his future intentions. Despite his experience of life during those *lehr- and wanderjahre*, he still remains astonishingly provincial in his outlook. He cannot speak with any authority on the wider issues of life and culture. His remarks on European opinion of Russian literature, for example, are characteristic of the limited trend of his ideas. "Europe dislikes many things in us", he says. "Why, even our greatest writers, such as Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, are looked upon merely as curiosities . . . something like Basil the Beatific". He also thinks that we get our ideas of Russia from the acting of M. Chaliapin! Gorky has not kept his finger on the pulse of life in his retirement, or he would not have made such a naïve statement, even to a Russian interviewer. Gorky spoke of the drama, whose future interests him deeply, and here he becomes more intelligible. He thinks, rightly, that the Moscow Artistic Theatre is one of the chief factors in the intellectual progress of Russia, and hopes one day that it will be the great dramatic school of the future, a Russian Théâtre de Molière. He is a little depressed, however, about its future, although it is being discussed everywhere. "It is as if poised on a pinnacle", he adds gloomily.

Gorky has much to say about the banning of Dostoevsky's "Demons", at the same theatre, which has roused so much controversy in the Russian Press. "It is not merely the banning of the play", he says; "it is a vital question that goes to the very heart of Russian life. Already there are signs that we are coming to close grips with questions of far-reaching importance to Russia at the present moment".

What those "questions" are he does not say, for obvious reasons. He only feels that Russia is ill, and wonders who will minister to her in her moral and intellectual sickness: Pushkin or Gogol?

"The Russian is an elementary creature", he concludes—"in many ways he is still a pagan. He has not really taken very seriously the precepts of Christianity. Whom shall he cling to, whom shall he follow? That is the question the near future has to answer. Who shall be the guiding star—Gogol or Pushkin? It is time to rouse ourselves from our spiritual apathy. The first step towards this is the solution of the problem, Pushkin or Gogol?"

Gorky's own solution is Pushkin. He thinks that if Russia is to develop morally and to free herself of what he considers her worst enemy—namely, her "pervading passivity"—she must adhere to Pushkin.

What all this means is not quite clear, but Gorky's new phase is interesting. His views on the "pervading passivity of the Russian character" may or may not be open to doubt—they will certainly not be very acceptable in Russia; his own pervading pessimism may merely be temperament or ill-health, but there can be no question that he is terribly in earnest. He believes firmly that Russia is spiritually disintegrated and needs a leader. It will be worth while to watch this new development of his within the next few months. Will he burst on a passive Russia like a moral bombshell, or drop feebly and ineffectually like the burnt stick of a rocket? *Qui vivra verra*. Personally, we are more interested in his "Reminiscences". They reveal a new Gorky, grown tender, even sentimental!

#### CHAMBER MUSIC.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

BEETHOVEN is reported to have passed some rather ill-natured comments on the music of Papa Haydn, and even that amiable composer's loving and gentle disposition did not hinder the inevitable kind friend from arriving to repeat the criticism. Haydn retorted with a momentary interrogative "You're another", saying, "What has he done?" but he instantly recollected himself and remarked, "The septet?—yes, that is sublime". That septet must have been the opus 21 in E flat; for though in the admirable "Hints on the Study of the Great

Composers" issued by the Home Study Union one in E is mentioned as opus 20, the work is quite unknown to me, and, besides, the names of only six instruments are given, the 'cello being absent. The other, the E flat, used to be as popular a piece as ever Beethoven penned—perhaps before the Wood-cum-Newman concerts it was the most popular item on the Pop. programmes, where it appeared at least once in a season; and in piano-duet shape it has been thumped by drawing-room misses for a hundred years as well as studied and played enthusiastically by more serious musicians. I don't know that the word "sublime" is precisely one that we would apply to it to-day. The opus number is early. The "Pathétique" piano-sonata is number 13, the C sharp minor (the "Moonlight"—the most tragic thing Beethoven wrote) is 27, and though opus numbers tell us little in the case of a composer who worked in so erratic a fashion, the fact remains that in many respects it is early—I do not mean in point of date, but in style. It is magnificently planned, it has sublime moments, but the mode of expression, the contours of the melodies, even the harmonies, are generally far more Haydnesque than Beethovenish—which probably accounts for Haydn's prompt recognition of its greatness. Haydn was a fair critic: had he written instead of talking he might have been a great critic—if such a monster be conceivable; he asserted the greatness of Handel and welcomed the supremacy of Mozart; and here we find him conceding not merely talent, but sublimity, to Beethoven. The later style of depreciating every contemporary, with few exceptions, adopted by Wagner, Schumann, Mendelssohn, did not commend itself to him. He perceived genuine greatness in Beethoven, and in the face of adverse criticism directed against himself he proclaimed it. What was it, we may ask, that stirred him so deeply that he could call the septet sublime?

It might easily have worked out as a very small work. No one really knows what the term "chamber music" meant to the Viennese composers. I cannot recall that Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven ever wrote music to be performed specially in a smaller room than that reserved for the symphonies of Haydn or Mozart. With Beethoven, indeed, the public began to count. Mozart probably, Haydn certainly, wrote for princely ears; and these ears had to be regaled in what we should call royal drawing-rooms. Haydn's orchestra, employed in Haydn's symphonies, played in the same room as Haydn's quartets were played. Mozart was more of an adventurer than Haydn; he never had Haydn's security of tenure; he was compelled to appeal to the "paying public"—the minor princes and super-counts and barons who constituted the public of that day. Haydn's orchestra consisted of twenty-one members: Beethoven's septets (save in the case just mentioned) consisted of not more or less than seven; Haydn's symphonies and Beethoven's septet (or septets) were given in the same room, or in rooms of the same size. Was that Beethoven's intention? Could he possibly have had any other intention? I cannot think that he had or could have had. Beethoven writing a symphony must have foreseen what came to pass long before the end of his life: he must have known that symphonies in future were not to be reserved for royal ears, that the immense masses of Germans and Austrians who were in the future to make the names of Germany and Austria synonyms for scientific barbarism—that these masses, then more or less truly "cultured", wanted fine music and would pay for it. But Beethoven writing a quartet, quintet, septet? This one septet convinces me that he had in mind a small room—a room that accommodated a prince, his wife and family, and a few flunkies; that he had either thought of nothing else as being possible or had never thought of anything else at all. The first symphony intended for a congregation and not for an assemblage of notabilities comes long after, opus 67. The scheme of the septet is magnificent, as a miniature may be magnificent; it is not magnificent as

a great statue or picture is magnificent. It is divided into no fewer than seven movements, and of these one consists of a theme with more variations than I can take the trouble to count. It begins solemnly with a fine adagio; it ends with a skittish scherzo. It contains some romping tomfoolery for the horn which the later Beethoven, the greater Beethoven, would remorselessly have excised.

Someone should take the measurements of these salons where Haydn's and Mozart's and Beethoven's chamber music was played. The point is not so unimportant as might appear. We hear of Cuzzoni and a thousand others, who had voices that filled the house. We have read of the glorious fulness of tone of Paganini, Ole Bull, and Spohr. We know all about the splendid roundness of tone produced by, first, Hummel, then Thalberg, Liszt, and Chopin. How many listeners were held by the theatre in which Cuzzoni sang? How many were able to hear Paganini, Ole Bull, or Spohr (or Vieuxtemps and de Bériot)? What was the brutal Prussian horse-power of Liszt's piano, of Thalberg's, not to mention Chopin's? We who read, and even for our sins write, about music to-day do it by electric light or incandescent gas-burners: were we reduced to the candles of our ancestors we would give up reading about music or anything else, and some of us, sadly or merrily as the case might be, would give up writing. Changes go on; lights grow more powerful; pianos and some wind instruments grow more powerful; the whole orchestra grows more powerful by sheer increase in the number of executants; the violin, the viola, the 'cello, and double-bass remain the same. The septet, then, that Beethoven probably wrote to be performed as a piece of chamber music in which Haydn's, Mozart's, and his own early symphonies could be heard under appropriate conditions—this great, if immature composition can be heard to-day only under conditions in which Beethoven can never have dreamed of it being played. The violin, viola, 'cello, and bass are as they were; the clarinet and the bassoon are, I am certain, much louder. Of course, the artists I heard the other night, Messrs. Gomez and James, are, as they must be in these days, not only consummate artists, but consummate masters of the art of faking; and I have no doubt that just as they have learnt not to blow too hard, the string players, Messrs. Reed, Hobday, Purcell-Jones, and Winterbottom, have learnt how to adjust their tone. All the same, we certainly did not hear the septet at Mr. Safonoff's concert as Beethoven meant us to hear it (he was an incorrigible believer in the supreme judgment of posterity—very different from Charles Lamb). Yet it sounded fine. Finer than the piano-duet version? I cannot say that. All Beethoven's music depended so much on, so to say, its extra-intrinsic quality that the instrumentation and the quibbles of such modern masters as Herr Wagner and Mr. George Clutsam leave us quite unaffected. Granted that here and there in the later symphonies we feel we could score passages much better ourselves, the music itself stands so supremely great that lest we should spoil the music we leave coldly alone the suggestions of Wagner and Clutsam.

The music of Beethoven remains, then, unspoiled by the changes made since his day in the relative strengths of the instruments he employed. And lo! turning to the Tchaikowsky trio, for fiddle, 'cello, and piano, played by Mr. Safonoff at this same concert, a verdict the reverse of this is forced on us. Tchaikowsky modelled his writing on Beethoven—he did so, in fact, to a remarkable degree, and let no one say me nay; and he left out of count the volume of noise producible by the modern piano. Beethoven's septet must be left untouched, else we shall spoil it; Tchaikowsky's trio wants the most skilful faking from end to end, else no one will listen to it in patience. It is not a work that needs or deserves close investigation. It can be understood, grasped, and even rejected at a single hearing. The programmist at the concert points out that the death of Nicolas Rubinstein gave



the composer the "chance of his life" of writing a work to equal the "Pathétique" symphony—which came afterwards. Well, novelists and composers who turn their friends into "copy" (*vide* Dickens and Leigh Hunt, Elgar and "Nimrod") are not to be commended; and I decline to believe that so notable a composer as Tschaikowsky rushed at the opportunity of shedding musical tears over the grave of Rubinstein. On the other hand, there is not a hint of deep and true emotion, of the music having been forced out of him to relieve an intolerable pain.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE CONDUCT OF GERMANY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Moor Park, Rickmansworth,

16 December 1914.

SIR,—The patriotic portion of our Press has lately been engaged in concentrating public attention upon the following propositions: (1) that the present war was forced upon the Allies by Germany as the result of long and exhaustive preparation; (2) that it has been conducted by Germany in defiance of all the ordinances upon the subject laid down by civilised nations and embodied in her own official regulations. The recent publication of Italian official documents relating to the subject has clinched the first of these propositions beyond the possibility of cavil or evasion; out of the second the accused will probably attempt to wriggle, but the process will be difficult, because so much of the evidence rests upon the authority of German—and largely of official German—sources. But there is one item in the catalogue of crime which does not appear to have attracted the attention it deserves, and seems in danger of passing unnoticed in presence of more imposing atrocities: I mean the practice adopted in the earlier stages of the war by German commanders of compelling prisoners of both sexes to march in front of their attacking lines—a cruel, cowardly, and cold-blooded expedient second to none of those which have made comparison with Germans a libel upon savages.

I hope that upon this point there has been no neglect to obtain conclusive evidence. Every count in the indictment must be clear and indisputable, either by the accused or by those whose smouldering sympathies will burst into flame when the moment arrives for revealing German "kultur" in all its naked deformity, and condemning its votaries to suffer punishment for the crimes committed under cover of that abhorrent mask.

Yours faithfully,  
EBURY.

SIR ALFRED MOND, M.P., AND ARMAMENTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

35, Lowndes Square, S.W.,

16 December 1914.

SIR,—I notice that in your issue of the 12th inst. you publish what you are pleased to call "A Black List", in which you include me among those politicians who, you allege, "clamoured for a cheaper Navy, and insisted that Germany's intentions were strictly peaceful and harmless". Apparently, like many other newspapers, you think it right, in an important national crisis like the present, not only to raise highly controversial issues, but to classify public men without taking the trouble to see what their opinions and actions in the great question of naval defence have been in the past. I must honestly confess that I am amazed at the irresponsibility thus betrayed by a periodical of your high standing. Naturally one does not expect one's speeches to be of sufficient importance to be read, remembered, or indexed in your office, but I think one has a right to expect that before one sentence from a speech is published and conclusions are drawn therefrom, the writer responsible for the article has at any rate taken the trouble to look up the speech from which the quotation is given.

I herewith enclose, and would ask you to publish, the salient passages of that speech, which makes it perfectly

clear that I was then, as I have always been, absolutely convinced of the necessity of maintaining England's supremacy at sea. Indeed on another occasion during the same electoral campaign I made the following declaration, which surely ought to relieve me from the accusation that I had at any time favoured a Little Navy policy:—

"He had said before, and said to them that evening, that if he thought any Government was neglecting England's sea defences, he would no longer support it—he did not care which party it was."—"Cambria Leader", 29 November 1910.)

The mental confusion which is involved in confounding the exertions of scaremongers with the advocacy of sane national policy and in the deduction that the condemnation of the one necessarily means the abandonment of the other, is really deplorable. There would be no difficulty in filling your columns with statements made, both in the House of Commons and outside, by the most responsible politicians on the Government benches and on the front Opposition bench, deploring scaremongering and expressing a desire for better relations with Germany. Mr. Bonar Law, for instance, speaking in the House of Commons as recently as 27 November 1911, said:—

"During my business life I had daily commercial intercourse with Germany. I have many German friends, I love some German books almost as much as our favourites in our own tongue, and I can imagine few, if any, calamities which would seem so great as a war, whatever the result, between us and the great German people. I hear it also constantly said—there is no use shutting our eyes or ears to obvious facts—that, owing to divergent interests, war some day or other between this country and Germany is inevitable. I never believe in these inevitable wars. Prince Bismarck once said, and said truly, that no man can overlook the hand of Providence. I am myself old enough to remember that twenty-five or thirty years ago the same thing was said far more persistently about our relationship with Russia. It is never said now. Why? For one reason, because the whole perspective of the world has changed. It is constantly changing, and I see no reason to think that ten or fifteen years hence it may not completely change again. If, therefore, war should ever come between these two countries, which Heaven forbid! it will not, I think, be due to irresistible natural laws; it will be due to the want of human wisdom."

I have not observed that you have included Mr. Bonar Law in your "Black List". Why not?

I never have been a member of, nor have I ever supported, as you allege, the Reduction of Armaments Committee. As a matter of fact, I have been a Vice President of the Navy League since 1908, as you could have ascertained from any ordinary book of reference.

Yours truly,  
ALFRED MOND.

[“Mr. Mond then proceeded to deal with the *naval scares* which had been so lustily sung by the Tories recently. The Navy, he said, was one of the most important considerations of every British member of Parliament and every British subject. He felt that England's sea-supremacy must always be maintained—('Hear, hear')—and he would not support any Government which he thought was neglectful in keeping England's fleet big enough to keep up the position which was necessary to her existence as a maritime power. But there was a difference between being a big-Navy man—as he considered himself—and a scaremonger lunatic. . . . They were still, however, in that England which calmly faced the Armada, and under Nelson and Rodney had not a two-Power standard, but a half-power standard, to face the world. (Applause.) He could assure them that the scaremongers were making us look ridiculous in the eyes of the world. Their German friends wondered what was the matter with our nerves. Ours was the finest Navy the world had ever seen. After describing the magnificent naval review held last summer at Portsmouth, he repeated the Premier's words: 'I say that our position now in regard to the Navy at this moment and for the future . . . is one of unassailed

superiority.' . . . He did not minimise the seriousness of the matter for a moment, but the Liberal Party did not intend to allow English supremacy to fall. . . . England had no intention, the Liberal Government had no intention, of allowing the fact that the Germans were building a fleet to escape their notice. ('Hear, hear.') There was no reason why they should become hysterical."—"Cambria Daily Leader," 6 January 1910.]

\*. This letter is referred to in "Notes of the Week."

#### THE ONLY WAY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.  
Weybridge,

8 December 1914.

SIR,—It was stated at the last sitting of the House of Lords that we had obtained 30,000 recruits during the previous week, yet according to this estimate we shall require nearly a million and a quarter more men to make up the two millions. Now, even at the rate of 30,000 men a week—which we certainly will not average under the voluntary system—it would take nine or ten months to obtain the full number required. It is abundantly clear that the methods now in force will not bring us nearly enough men. Consequently, there is no alternative but to adopt speedily some system of obligatory service, and the scheme advocated by your contributor, "*Vieille Moustache*", is certainly a most excellent one under present circumstances. All men between twenty and thirty-five years of age if found physically fit should be registered without delay for active service abroad; and all others between thirty-six and forty-five years of age should be similarly dealt with for service at home. Large batches of the men thus registered should be drawn by lot for training as required, allowance being made for certain exemptions, as is usually the course pursued by all Continental Powers. As "*Vieille Moustache*" suggests all men fit for the ranks but engaged in the manufacture of war matériel, etc., would not be taken for military service until the supplies of matériel and equipment generally were well in advance of our requirements in the field. By the scheme indicated we could not only make good periodically the wastage of war, but would have a larger reserve of trained men for the formation of new units.

Let us call to mind what the late Lord Wolseley stated in his "*Memoirs*", written after he had ceased to hold the post of Commander-in-Chief. His lordship's words were that "if we became involved in a war of great magnitude the politicians would slink off and let the soldiers run the business".

Surely everyone must realise that the present time is fraught with danger and that the politicians must no longer be permitted to gamble with the destinies of the nation.

Yours truly,

"A SOLDIER WITHOUT POLITICS".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

13 December 1914.

SIR,—The able letter of Bishop Vaughan in your issue of 12th inst. will strike a responsive chord in every woman's heart as in every man's worthy the name at this time; above all, it must do so in every mother's heart. How many of us have felt white-heat of scorn and anger these last months to see the hardly thinning ranks of football and picture-house gazers and street loafers! Surely if the great daily appeal of such heroism at the Front does not impress such or help the hesitating and fearful ones, the Government—for eugenic reasons alone—must see that conscription is the last and only hope of the country at this crisis. It is indeed an awful tragedy, which the nation will surely grasp before it is too late, this sending out of all that is noblest and best, whilst at the same time the weak and decadent remain at home.

It is not in order to see them thus vainly sacrificed that we mothers have reared our brave sons. We parents have a right to say "This thing shall not be".

Yours, etc.,

J. C. T.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Christchurch, 28 November 1914.

SIR,—The great thing to do now is to keep the question of national or obligatory service constantly before the eyes and the thoughts of the public. The great thing is to familiarise the public with proposals such as the SATURDAY REVIEW has just outlined.

If this is not done, one of two evils will assuredly happen: either the thing, when it is at length, through iron necessity, put forward by the Government, will be an unwelcome surprise, and will be hotly assailed by a large section of their own supporters and coldly received by at least a section of the public outside the political or party ring, or it will not be put forward at all by the Government, for fear it should be unpopular and for fear people should remind the Government of their past speeches on the subject; and we shall somehow muddle and fuddle through the war, and slip back at the close into the old state of debasing complacency, into the old ignoble excuse that we must trust to our Fleet, and that we are not, and never can be, a military Power. We shall slip back into everything which that great-minded, great-souled Englishman, Professor Cramb, deplored and warned his fellow countrymen against—everything which is worshipped by the anti-English, pro-German, laissez-faire sections in this country. The passage from George Meredith's book, "*Beauchamp's Career*", which was quoted in the SATURDAY REVIEW only the other day will certainly hold true once again if the supreme necessity for national and obligatory service is not insisted on now.

Strike, therefore, whilst the iron is hot! There is some real chance of getting the thing done then. But if we let the iron cool, there is little chance indeed of the Government forging out of it that great implement, that one implement, which ultimately can save ourselves and our Empire.

There is going to be a little spurt in voluntary recruiting: and when the papers come in which Mr. Asquith has lately sent out, or is sending out, to householders, perhaps the Government will net in as many as 150,000, perhaps 200,000 more men. Then, of course, the Voluntarists will raise a pean, and exclaim that the riddle is solved and that "compulsion" need never come. But somewhere about April or May there will be an utter reaction and recruiting will drop away to nothing.

The SATURDAY REVIEW, therefore, and all other organs which really believe in obligatory service should not cease from their efforts to familiarise the public with the nature of the duty and with its urgent necessity now.

Yours faithfully,

VIATOR.

#### THE LORD ROBERTS MEMORIAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Rokefield, near Dorking,

15 December 1914.

SIR,—To many of us there has seemed something sad in the cold proposal to erect a statue to Lord Roberts—as if that would pay off the nation's debt to him—whilst the only memorial he would have cared for remains neglected and ignored.

How little these lifeless presentments of our heroes affect us as the years go on! Nelson is not remembered by his column, but because England has seen to it that his glorious work and his glorious death were not in vain. England has been true to him. Will she not be true to Lord Roberts and to herself? He, with that inspired prophetic vision—the gift of God to the man who did His will—knew what the nation must do, not only for "the path of safety", but to rise to noble aims and ends. He gave his message, and, because he knew nothing—no scorn or obloquy, though the wounds must have pierced that great and tender heart; no weariness of age; no loss of praise or popularity—could turn him from it. He preached with his last strength the salvation of England, the uplifting of her manhood, the crushing of the sordid selfish spirit which was creeping like a disease over us, the birth of sacred love of country, and self-sacrifice for honour and patriotism. Can we not realise



that England would arise greater than ever before if her sons were strengthened and disciplined, physically and morally, by the national training which Lord Roberts gave his last years and strength to advocate? And do not the sufferings of our heroic men, the sacrifice of their lives, the agony of the women who love them, cry aloud and demand that never again shall we meet war in shameful unpreparedness?

For the nation's sake, let the national memorial to Lord Roberts be a Nation in Arms. Then, and then only, shall we be able unashamed to look upon his statue.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

MARY E. CAREY DRUCE.

### THE FLOUTING OF LORD ROBERTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Perse School House,  
Glebe Road, Cambridge,

5 December 1914.

SIR,—Many of us must have been disquieted by what was left unsaid at Lord Roberts's death. That was a great opportunity for public men of all parties to express their regret that for so many years they had neglected his warnings. Lord Haldane, in particular, owes Lord Roberts and the English nation something more than an apology. Mr. Asquith, who now tells us that he knew of Germany's plans in 1912, owes an explanation why he did nothing to meet them. Flouts and jeers were the answer of politicians to the man who knew the truth and was not afraid to tell it. There is not one of the present Government, except the War Minister, who is not guilty before the nation, and the Opposition were not much better.

No sensible man cares for personal apologies, but the lack of them throws light on the minds of the offenders. Ministers are now doing their part well, but it is all talk, and talk is their business; how can we trust them for the future when their German friends begin to squeeze them, especially if they think of votes? How can we trust them now, when Haldane and McKenna pooh-pooh the spies, just as they used to pooh-pooh German ambition? It is for that reason that I say the lack of an apology is disquieting, and makes me fear that they are really the same as we have learnt to know them. If we leave this unsaid now it may be too late to say it when we are faced by some irrevocable act.

I desire with all my heart to be able to trust Mr. Asquith, in spite of his record; but if he is not changed, that is impossible, and he gives no sign of a knowledge that there was anything to change. Lord Haldane has already shown by his speeches that he does not realise how many deaths lie at his door for disbanding 40,000 men (which would mean by now 80,000 men and rifles) and so many batteries of artillery. His German friendship makes it improper to hold office in a German war. Mr. McKenna has shown himself incompetent to fill his post, because he shuffles off his responsibility upon others. And one and all are silent as to their own sins, which is quite unnecessary; no one believes a politician to be infallible except himself. Only one Labour member has apologised to the Army, and all honour to him. Where would "the People" be now but for the Army and the Navy?

Yours faithfully,

W. H. D. ROUSE.

### THE POSITION OF BULGARIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Christ's College, Cambridge,

10 December 1914.

SIR,—I have received the following letter from a Bulgarian gentleman who is well acquainted with public affairs. Your readers may be glad to read the parts of it which are of chief interest now. I have his permission to publish it.

J. HOLLAND ROSE.

"29 November 1914.

"... To us it is axiomatic that, if opportunity offered, Austria would be delighted to annex Macedonia and become

mistress of Salonica. I am not quite so certain about feelings in Hungary, where a strong opposition has always existed to an undue increase of the Slav element in the Monarchy. . . . Of course, we Balkan peoples have nothing to gain and everything to lose by Austrian expansion in the Balkans. But it is somewhat difficult for Bulgaria and Roumania to grasp why, if Austrian domination in Salonica is to be considered a Balkan misfortune (that is our view), Russian domination over Constantinople and the Straits should be esteemed by them a blessing, for the success of either Power can only be obtained at the expense of purely Balkan interests. Neither of these two Powers is likely to prove a comfortable bed-fellow, and what would serve us best would be to keep them both out of our regions. No country is in a better position than England to understand our misgivings; but you are engaged in a life-and-death struggle, and very naturally you approach all problems from the standpoint of immediate necessity. You say that Constantinople is a small price to pay for Russia's co-operation in a war on whose issue is staked the future of your Empire. But because our interests are small compared with yours that is no reason why we should be denied the privilege of guiding our policy in accordance with our dictates and taking them as the sole touchstone of our duty. . . .

"To me the present conflict appears to be one of the tragic instances where it is almost impossible to say that one of the parties is distinctly in the right and the other in the wrong. Serbia was right in wishing to unite under one rule all the Serbs; on the other hand, Austria was equally in her right to defend herself against what she considered as a danger to her future. But, if it is impossible for us to apportion the guilt among the contending parties, that does not mean that the ideals which they represent leave us indifferent. On this latter point the great majority of the Bulgarians have made their position perfectly clear. Their sympathies are with the Powers of the Triple Entente, because they believe the cause which they represent offers better security for the fulfilment of their own ideal—the unification of the Bulgarian race. The Germanic Powers have also been lavish in their promises to Bulgaria, but public opinion is inclined to doubt their sincerity. The Bulgarians would willingly identify themselves with your side in a more active way if they were given proofs that their services will meet with due recompense. But it is too much to expect them to plunge into the war for the sake of recovering Adrianople. Our hearts are where our co-nationalists live—in Macedonia and in those regions which Roumania stole from us last year. Nothing less than the restitution of those territories will induce Bulgaria to undertake a third war within two years. We may extend to you our sympathies, but we owe you no active co-operation, for the Entente group treated us no better than the rest of the Powers. We shall consider only our own interests, and do what is most likely to advance them. Vain promises are not worth much in the eyes of a nation which saw solemn treaties guaranteeing her rights trampled under foot. Besides, if it is a matter of choosing between promises, those of your enemies are infinitely more precious than your vague assurances that we shall have no reason to regret throwing our lot in with yours. . . . If the diplomatists of the Entente Powers had as keen a sense of the reality of things as your enemies have, an honest bargain could be struck in no time."

### GERMANS AT OUR UNIVERSITIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

108, Long Acre, London, W.C.

7 December 1914.

SIR,—Is it not about time we turned out of the well-paid, comfortable berths those holders who by birth or blood are German or Austrian? Surely these lucrative posts in Britain should be held by Britons born and bred. It is an insult to our country, implying that we are not educationally able to obtain the services of fit and capable holders of those positions from our own universities and schools. These foreigners come over here and take the bread from the mouths of our own people, and I, as an Englishman, say

it is a monstrous and burning shame. In November, for example, the "London Gazette" records a list of aliens to whom certificates of naturalisation have been granted. Among the names given are:

Carl Frederick Forbes-Müller (Germany), school master and clerk in holy orders, Repton, Derby.

Gustav Järmay (Hungary), director of Messrs. Brunner, Mond and Co.

Robert Priebisch (Austria), professor of German at University College, 1, Downside Crescent, Haverstock Hill.

William Scholle (Germany), lecturer in French in the University of Aberdeen.

Anatole Andreas Aloys Von Hugel (Austria), curator of the University Museum of Archæology and of Ethnology at Cambridge.

Now there may be some reason or excuse for having teachers of foreign languages resident and paid at our schools and universities, but surely there is no loyal or adequate reason for the curator of a university museum being a foreigner by birth. It is only seemly and right that these born enemies of our beloved country should be shipped off home and their posts given to Englishmen who sadly need paid occupations, particularly just now. It seems to me simple national weakness and perverted softness to retain in paid positions, Germans or Austrians, whether naturalised or not. We do not want them here. Let them in all decency go hence.

Yours obediently,

J. HARRIS STONE, M.A. (Cantab.).

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is announced that the Senate of the Queen's University, Belfast, have dismissed Herr Max Freund from the chair of German. This is a very proper step and raises the question as to whether anything has been done by the senates of other universities in the British Isles concerning the Germans and Austrians who fill chairs of German language and literature. I believe that at Cambridge, Oxford, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, and London, either Germans or Austrians are now filling professorial chairs, and though, of course, no one advocates the wholesale dismissal of these gentlemen, yet they might reasonably be asked for an expression of opinion concerning the war. They might be asked to draw up and sign a memorandum disapproving of the breach of Belgian neutrality and condemning the atrocities committed by German soldiers. Such a memorandum would have great weight in America—much more so than either the German or the English manifesto, which was not signed by the Germans at our universities. Of course, if they would not draw up a manifesto because they believe the German case to be the right one, we should know where we are. But we have a right to ask them to define their position.

I am, yours truly,

A. HARGREAVES.

"SHAKESPEARE HIMSELF."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I do not understand from "M.B.'s" letter what are the intentional absurdities introduced by Shakespeare in "As You Like It", as most of the incidents are taken from Lodge's "Rosalynde".

As regards—"the characters of Iago and Othello were bound to bring about the catastrophe, and the means that hastened it on are of very secondary importance"—this smacks of the undramatic. Iago was bound to link up Cassio, Bianca, and the handkerchief, to which dramatic importance is given, because it is through this Othello is convinced. It is really the only evidence of fact Iago could produce, and in Cinthio's novel it is the "ocular proof" which causes the tragic ending.

Yours faithfully,

TOM JONES.

## REVIEWS.

### MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND LITERATURE.

"Mr. Chamberlain's Speeches." Edited by Charles W. Boyd. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Austen Chamberlain. 2 Vols. Constable. 15s. net.

MR. BOYD'S first aim in editing these speeches was to make the collection "representative of the full sweep of a long and famous career". Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Boyd discuss the quality of Mr. Chamberlain's speeches without using the word orator. One is almost as disinclined to admit the addition of a new name to the company of orators as to acknowledge a new poet. But no one ever doubted that Mr. Chamberlain was a "great master of speech", nor could doubt it with these volumes before him. Hardly a page fails to produce the impression of a mind endowed with an extraordinary power of expressing all shades and aspects of the speaker's ideas. And Mr. Chamberlain besides was an innovator, or a pioneer, to use his own description of himself, in the art or craft of the rhetorician, as he was in that of politics. Mr. Asquith has said that he introduced and perfected a new style of speaking, and he refers, by way of contrast, to the two different styles of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, who then had the ear of the House of Commons and the nation. He kept as a rule closer to the ground, he rarely digressed, and he never lost his way—an innuendo clearly implying that both those great rhetoricians at times did both. It as clearly implies also that Mr. Chamberlain was never out for display and never lost sight of his practical object through complacency of his own powers or a craving for extrinsic ornamentation. Mr. Chamberlain kept "closer to the ground" even in his quotations—he has been charged with keeping too close—whilst the great masters soar higher than their ordinary flights on wings not their own. It is true there is little in these two volumes quoted for what may be called pure poetry. We do not find Mr. Chamberlain making a speech into which any intrinsically poetical passages would not be incongruous purple patches. Mr. Chamberlain might have gone to Shakespeare for many glowing lines that would have emphasised the national and imperialistic sentiment of some of his loftier speeches. He would have declaimed "St. Crispin's Day" with ardent sympathy, but where is the speech or what the mood in which he would have been attracted to quote such pure gold of poetry as—

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims".

It is sublimely destitute of prose signification, of ethics, of practical bearing on any object in life, and all Mr. Chamberlain's speeches were bent on action and incitement to action, political or social. For literary quality perhaps the quotation most distinguished is—

"There is a poor blind Samson in this land,  
Shorn of his strength and bound with chains of steel,  
Who may in some grim revel raise his hand,  
And shake the pillars of the common weal".

There is something here more subtle than the political or social prognostic; but it was the latter and not the former quality that made it appropriate to the intention of Mr. Chamberlain's speech.

Mr. Chamberlain's quotations are usually rather good rhetoric than good poetry, such as the following protest from the working to the middle classes:—

"We looked for guidance to the blind,  
We sued for counsel to the dumb,  
Fling the vain fancy to the wind—  
Your hour is past and ours is come.  
You gave in that propitious hour  
No kindly look, no gracious tone;  
But Heaven has not denied us power  
To do your duty and our own".

It cannot be said that this and similar passages of the like literary quality are really commonplace or



hackneyed. Mr. Chamberlain's commonplaces are the recognised "good things" that have established themselves. For example, Milton's "Noble and puissant nation", Butler's "Compound for Sins, etc.", Canning's "The fault of the Dutch", Voltaire's "The best of all possible worlds" and "To cultivate one's own garden", Clive's "Astonishment at his own moderation", or the proverbial "Mrs. Partington sweeping back the Atlantic with her mop". But usually so far are we from being too familiar with Mr. Chamberlain's authors that we should rather wish Mr. Boyd had annotated some of Mr. Chamberlain's references to "The American Poet" or "The Colonial Poet", whom Mr. Chamberlain appears to have read largely. We should have asked for a note on "The Colonial Poet" who wrote:—

"Unite the Empire, make it stand compact,  
Shoulder to shoulder let its members feel  
The touch of human brotherhood, and act  
As one great nation, true and strong as steel".

And there is the anonymous poet who is quoted on the faintheartedness of those who shrink from hopes of Imperial Federation:—

"It cannot be, the vision is too fair  
For creatures doomed to breathe terrestrial air.  
Yet not for that shall sober reason frown  
Upon that promise, nor that hope disown.  
We know that only to high aims are due  
Rich guerdons, and to them alone ensue".

The catena of quotations in these two volumes begins with two lines from an early municipal speech in 1872:—

"All must be false that thwart this our great end,  
And all of God who bless mankind or mend".

It closes with two other lines from the last speech made in 1906:—

"Others I doubt not, if not we,  
The issue of our toil shall see".

This is the only quotation in verse which Mr. Chamberlain appears to have made in all his speeches on Tariff Reform; and it is also noticeable that for his speeches in Parliament his own unaided resources of language sufficed him. It was in the period of the early and municipal speeches that verse helped him most often to a peroration. He was guided in his choice then as at other periods by the ethical rather than the poetic inspiration of his poets. In one of these perorations he reminded his audience—

"That they who fight for freedom undertake  
The noblest work mankind can have at stake;  
Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call  
A blessing, freedom is the pledge of all".

All we know of the poet is from Mr. Chamberlain's assurance, as a preface to the quotations from his works and a recommendation to his audience, that he "never wrote any questionable books". This severe moral choice relaxed in the course of time, and a new range of sentiment appeared in the verses with which Mr. Chamberlain adorned his speeches on Ireland, South Africa, Canada, and Imperial Federation. We still find that the verses fall short of high poetry, but they fit exactly with the style, and tone, and sentiment running through the speeches; they are admirably illustrative. The poet might have written the prose and the speaker the verse. We need not make distinctions between animated prose such as Chamberlain's and verse of Tennyson such as—

"Britain's myriad voices call:  
'Sons, be welded each and all  
Into one Imperial whole.  
One with Britain, heart and soul!  
One life, one flag, one fleet, one Throne!'"

It is a rhymed passage from a Chamberlain speech. We think that in one case only the poet Mr. Chamberlain quotes is in the quotation more poetical than Mr. Chamberlain himself. Mr. Kipling has some advantage in the verses—

"On the sand-drift—on the veldt-side—in the fern  
scrub we lay,  
That our sons might follow after by the bones on  
the way".

But Mr. Chamberlain is not quoting verse above the level of many passages of his own speeches either in feeling or expression, when he quotes from "The American Poet" such verse as—

"Sail on, O Ship of State;  
Sail on, O Union strong and great;  
Humanity, with all its fears,  
With all its hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate".

So Mr. Chamberlain might have written poetry if he had turned his hand to it.

#### CONTEMPT OF COURT.

"The Law and the Poor." By E. A. Parry. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.

THE common man has said the law is an ass, and the poet has written:

"But this I know, that every law  
That men have made for man  
But straws the wheat and saves the chaff  
With a most evil fan".

Such accusations are being constantly made, and almost as constantly neglected, for, grumble as he will, the ordinary Englishman has a rooted pride in the legal institutions of his country. Nobody, as far as we can discover, raised a cheer when the Barebones Parliament set out to destroy the Court of Chancery. We let a novelist write "Bleak House"; we read it, give it a thoroughly impersonal round of applause, and then settle down comfortably to forget it. Devotion to our legal system simply froths and bubbles in our newspapers whenever a chance comes to compare it with those of other lands. How smugly the leader-writers and descriptive reporters declare that here indeed is something which they do not do better in France! And yet here is Judge Parry gravely telling us that one of the first reforms we ought to secure is the establishment of that thoroughly French official, the *juge de paix*! Almost we are persuaded that the learned writer will be forced by an enraged public to commit himself for contempt of his own court.

Personally, however, we have taken a huge delight in reading this book on "The Law and the Poor". It is the work of one who, after many years of service in the deadly atmosphere of the County Courts, still preserves a human spirit. He has all the fire of a young reformer, and it has only been blown into greater flames by the force of his experience. He is a democrat and proud to own it, but a man with his sweet gift of humour is always saved from becoming a demagogue; clearness of vision is preserved to him. Particularly do we admire the impartial way in which he, as champion of the poor man's rights, leads the attack on all comers. Landlords, whom we might have expected him to treat severely, are seldom the objects of his assaults. "It is pleasant", he says, "to record—what is in fact my experience—that whatever may have been true of the cruelty of landlords in other times and places, the landlords of to-day owning cottage property are not a harsh race". It is elsewhere that he looks for the enemies of the people, and when one who is clearly no Conservative can say a word in favour of the most abused class of the century we feel that careful attention should be given to all his other statements. Obviously we have to deal here with a just judge. Equally obviously we are dealing with one who is animated by no party spite, who speaks always from knowledge, and could lay honest claim to that fine title of the poor man's friend.

Broadly and generally there are two classes of persons whom, in Judge Parry's opinion, the law unjustly favours. The one includes those whose vested interests, he conceives, have an anti-social effect on the lives of the poorer part of the population, and the

other consists of that minority which is always striving to oppress the majority with the burden of its fads. Thus, when beer becomes his topic, he offers to break a lance with either brewer or teetotaler. We cannot stop to say whether he is right or wrong in this matter, but we cannot help admiring the man who stands up boldly between two fires. His bias—he permits us to use the word—is in favour of beer, provided it is good beer, but he would like to see it accompanied by more skittles than can be had at present. He cannot see why the law which permits a certain amount of toping at the counter should have fits at the mere suggestion of music and dancing on the same premises, or, at least, he cannot see the justice in this prohibition not of vice but of merriment. The curious attitude of our licensing authorities, he says, is due to the united pressure of the Puritans and those to whom unmitigated swilling is a profit. However that may be, there are many good suggestions in his chapter on the ale-house. Touching the evil habit of treating, he mentions that in France a dice-box is usually on the bar, that lots may be thrown to decide who shall pay for drinks. This is another institution we want in England, but we fear the Anti-Gambling League; and, of course, less would be drunk.

Probably the reform for which Judge Parry is most anxious is the total abolition of imprisonment for debt. Dealing with this question, he unearths a whole nest of rogues. "The tally-men, the moneylenders, the flash jewellery touts, the sellers of costly Bibles in series, of gramophones and other luxuries of the mean streets, these are the knaves the State caters for", and, he adds, "for these businesses are based, and soundly and commercially based, on imprisonment for debt". It is not, he says, the honest trader that is protected by our present system. Some humbug comes to the workman's door and persuades him, or more probably his wife, to buy some piece of attractive rubbish on the hire-purchase plan, induces the victim to sign an incomprehensible paper, and goes on to see whom next he can devour. Soon comes a time when there is a hitch about payment, and, after formalities, the workman goes to prison and wife and family to the workhouse—all at the charge of the State. One bold Lancashire lad kept a fierce dog to ward off these pests, and was presently fined because the animal did its duty thoroughly; but though Judge Parry inflicted the fine himself, it is easy to see that he would have liked to give a reward instead. Change the law, he says, and you will destroy at once all these swindlers and double a poor man's chance of living in comfort on his earnings.

Among the several other matters which Judge Parry touches, one, we think, is worthy of special attention, and that is the position of the medical officer of health as "a servant of the casual butchers and bakers of the Town Council". We know from experience what an absurd state of affairs this means. How often is the appointment given to a doctor simply because he is regarded as a man not likely to make a fuss and as the possessor of a sensitive nose which teaches him to avoid other people's drains and dung-heaps! Truly the law which permits this and a few other abuses mentioned in this book deserves all that Judge Parry says about it. And who will venture to say it is not an ass?

#### IN THE DAYS OF THE DANDIES.

"Dandies and Men of Letters." By Leon H. Vincent. Duckworth. 10s. 6d. net.

THE dandy in literature is an alluring subject. Dandyism has not been a characteristic of many English men of letters. Authors mostly have been poor, out-at-elbows fellows with neither the cash nor the inclination to care much about their personal appearance. They have seldom aspired to lead fashion. But there have been exceptions. Byron liked dandies, and confessed to a tinge of dandyism in his youth and to retaining enough of it at twenty-five "to conciliate the great ones". Disraeli, of course, is the historic instance of the literary dandy, although he would not

have passed muster with Brummel, prince of dandies. Simplicity and unobtrusive elegance were Brummel's ideals. To attract notice by conspicuousness in dress was in his opinion the most mortifying experience that a gentleman could have. Far otherwise was the dandyism of Disraeli. He courted notice and loved to attract attention, and would walk up Regent Street in a crowded hour dressed in a blue surtout, a pair of military light blue trousers, black stockings with red stripes, and shoes with high red heels. Mrs. Norton ("Diana Warwick" of *The Crossways*) describes him as appearing at a dinner party in "a black velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band running down the outside seam, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles falling down to the tips of his fingers, white gloves with several brilliant rings outside them, and long black ringlets rippling down upon his shoulders".

Bulwer Lytton was something of a dandy "Pelham" had a great effect on men's dress. It caused "the black swallow-tail coat to become compulsory for evening wear". We have no dandies now. Count d'Orsay was the last of them. Gone, too, are the bucks. Since their time we have had our dudes, our mashers, our fops, our aesthetes, our exquisites, and our young "bloods", with their passionate socks. They are but poor substitutes, pale shadows of a glory that is past. For the dandy, with all his affectations and vanities, had a certain spaciousness and magnificence. He was not niggling in his habits. He had the courage of his convictions, and the exquisiteness of his attire was but the outward symbol of a certain well-thought-out attitude of mind. Mr. Leon Vincent's book is not concerned, as its title might imply, solely with literary dandies. Some of the subjects of his twelve essays were both dandies and men of letters, others were merely dandies or men of letters. The volume includes papers on Thomas Moore, Beckford, Thomas Love Peacock, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and Henry Crabb Robinson. If Mr. Vincent has not anything very new to tell us about them, he has at least delved to some purpose in standard biographies and other works of reference, and has extracted some plums. He has indeed, to change the metaphor, made a skilful and agreeable piece of patchwork from the materials at his disposal.

Perhaps the best chapters in the book are those on Brummel and Byron. Brummel was certainly never a man of letters. His life was passed in the graceful and disgraceful follies of a man of fashion. But he kept a journal, and a very spicy production it must have been. After his downfall a London publisher offered him a thousand pounds for his memoirs, and it is to his credit that, in spite of his poverty, he refused the offer because he had promised the Duchess of York not to publish any notes that he had made during the lifetime of George the Fourth or his brothers. After his death the volume, which was always secured by lock and key, could not be found, and it is probable that Brummel himself destroyed his memoirs, although it has been suggested that he "may have delivered them up for a pecuniary consideration to those who were most interested in obtaining possession of them". Of Byron's literary methods, his inability to punctuate, his wrath over printers' errors, and his relations with his publisher much was told in the "Memoir and Correspondence of the late John Murray". It is interesting to note that Byron wrote "The Corsair", a poetic romance in some twenty thousand lines in ten days, and that for his two poetic romances, "The Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina", Murray sent him two notes amounting to a thousand guineas. "They were promptly returned, with an admonition about putting temptation in the way of those who might be tempted. Up to this time Byron had taken no money for his verse; what he earned he had regally bestowed on needy friends. He was compelled now to think of another course, for he was married and in debt. . . . In the end he accepted the guineas, but not without a deal of hesitation on his part, and of urging on Murray's."



## CANADIAN WIT.

"Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich." By Stephen Leacock. Lane. 6s.

MOST of us are not grateful enough to the writers who can make us laugh. We are inclined to rate humour too cheaply. The lot of the professional funny man is, indeed, an unenviable one. In establishing a reputation he is also setting up a standard of comparison for all his later work. Just as "Punch" is never as good as it used to be, so the humourist is for ever judged by the first work that made him famous. He is doomed from the outset. He must always be "on the spot" and must never "miss the mark" or his existence has ceased to justify itself.

Dr. Stephen Leacock, a Canadian professor, made us laugh with his "Nonsense Novels" and "Literary Lapses". He was hailed as a new Lewis Carroll, a delightful writer of irresponsible nonsense with a fresh and original touch. For he not only made us laugh, but he made us laugh at the right things. He awakened, that is to say, thoughtful laughter, not the mere "crackling of thorns under the pot". So far he has kept it up very well. Some of these "Arcadian Adventures" are things of sheer delight; others, again, are distinctly flat and seem to show a certain weariness, an attempt to force the note. Particularly is this the case with "The Yahi-Bahi Society", which shows Dr. Leacock at his worst. But he manages to extract some fun even out of that rather thread-worn subject, the poor Duke who goes to America to repair his fortunes. "The Duke was so poor that the Duchess was compelled to spend three or four months every year at a fashionable hotel on the Riviera simply to save money, and his eldest son, the young Marquis of Belhoodle, had to put in most of his time shooting big game in Uganda, with only twenty or twenty-five beaters and with so few carriers and couriers and such a dearth of elephant men and hyena boys that the thing was a perfect scandal. . . . A younger son was compelled to pass his days in mountain climbing in the Himalayas, and the Duke's daughter was obliged to pay long visits to minor German princesses, putting up with all sorts of hardship. . . . But the Duke knew that rigid parsimony of this sort if kept up for a generation or two will work wonders, and this sustained him."

Dr. Leacock is at his best in his pictures of American millionaires who live in Plutonia Avenue and frequent the Mausoleum Club, where they "consume preferred stocks and gold-interest bonds" in the shape of chilled champagne and iced asparagus and "great platefuls of dividends and special quarterly bonuses" are carried to and fro in silver dishes by Chinese philosophers dressed to look like waiters. Mr. Tomlinson, the Wizard of Finance, who became a millionaire by accident, did not like the experience, and for some time vainly tried to rid himself of his wealth, is a really precious creation. The author succeeds in getting in some good backhanders at plutocratic society in general and at those who exploit religion for the purposes of gain. Sometimes he wields a two-edged sword, but most of his sketches are good-humoured and breathe a spirit of light-hearted gaiety that is quite contagious.

## LATEST BOOKS.

"Fables." By R. L. Stevenson. Illustrated by E. R. Herman. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

It was inevitable that Stevenson should write fables. The fable was so clearly able to bring out every side of him. First, a fable, being short, must also be exquisitely finished. Then a fable must be thrilled with fancy; it must also be ethical; and it can without disadvantage be mischievous. Stevenson's fables are all these things. No better models of polish and conciseness could well be taken. Their fancifulness, too, is unfailing; and the "Shorter Catechist" has always the last word—a word delivered with something between a smile and a blow. The sudden conclusion of the saddle-horse—"I was right", said he, "they are great chiefs"—is an epitome of Stevenson's

art. Messrs. Longmans have well chosen these fables for the production of a really beautiful book, printed with just the right aim at space and clarity. The illustrations are extremely interesting. Mr. Herman clearly reads his Stevenson with a satiric eye. He insists on the implicit sarcasm of the fables, and in this he is remarkably successful. Perhaps we shall best end this too brief notice by quoting one of the fables entire—say, "The Citizen and the Traveller":

"Look round you", said the citizen. "This is the largest market in the world".

"Oh, surely not", said the traveller.

"Well, perhaps not the largest", said the citizen, "but much the best".

"You are certainly wrong there", said the traveller. "I can tell you . . ."

"They buried the stranger at the dusk".

"A Midsummer Night's Dream." Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. Constable. 12s. 6d.

To illustrate Shakespeare is to compete with him. Shakespeare has uttered his scenery in his lines. To utter it again in form and colour is to set beside the picture imprinted upon the imagination another which has to stand the pitiless test of comparison. That is the secret of our disappointment with all illustrated Shakespeares. However, disappointment is not always of the same degree. Mr. Heath Robinson has done as well as an illustrator can with "A Midsummer Night's Dream". His pictures do not shut the door upon Shakespeare's world. He has rich stores of pure fancy, as he has shown so abundantly in his remarkable illustrations of Rabelais—one of the most remarkable achievements of an illustrator in recent years. It is high praise for Mr. Robinson's Shakespeare to say that he has not therein disappointed the admirers of his Rabelais. Everyone will not agree with two criticisms we would offer upon the delicate and vital work of these Shakespearean fancies. We think his fairies and their haunts are not earthy enough. They live too much in the chaste beams of the watery moon. His clowns, on the other hand, are fantastically battered primitives. Snout has come straight out of Rabelais. These suggestions imply, of course, that Mr. Robinson has achieved a positive character and atmosphere in his illustrations. The book, indeed, is an obvious prize for anyone who desires Shakespeare decorated and defined. Messrs. Constable, in format, printing, and binding, have, as usual, given to their work high quality and care.

"British Flowering Plants." Illustrated by Mrs. Henry Perrin. Text by Professor Boulger. Quaritch. Four Vols. 15 guineas.

We dealt at length in the summer with Mrs. Perrin's "British Flowering Plants" so far as the end of the first two volumes. The third and fourth volumes have now reached us, and they complete undoubtedly the finest illustrated book on our plants and trees published since Sowerby; indeed, we question whether the plates in Sowerby are so good as Mrs. Perrin's, and certainly they were not delicately done. This work is sure to become a standard work of its kind. It would make a noble addition to any country-house library, and its value will last, or perhaps be enhanced in future years. We may take, as an example of the beauty of its plates, the picture of the spindle-tree in Volume III. The tints of both leaf and drupe are reproduced to perfection by Mrs. Perrin. We notice this particularly, having, during the autumn, especially remarked on the spindle-tree ("skewer-wood," as woodmen in the South of England often term it). We cannot recall an autumn when the lovely coral drupes of this tree have been so abundant on the chalk. After the holly, or perhaps with the holly, it is the fairest sight in an English hedge-row in autumn; but unfortunately it has not the staying power of the holly berry, the drupes soon splitting and falling from the stem.

"The Mystery of the Oriental Rug." By Dr. G. Griffin-Lewis. Lipincott. 6s. net.

This book, with its charming illustrations—half-tone work at its best and most effective, as one finds it sometimes in illustrations of old wooden ships of war and merchandise—has given the reviewer a pleasant hour or so. It has taken him, as a magic carpet, out of the wet and dark city, and clear of the terrible war posters and all their environment, and set him down among the palm trees of the desert; and he has strolled once more into the market-place of the Arab town and watched the rug-maker at work. Thence he has entered the ancient mosque and climbed to the muezzin tower and looked round on to that illimitable sea-like desert glittering in the burning sun. A book that can do this for one is worth the having and the reading. Dr. Lewis's is worth both. It is full of illustrations that quite successfully show the extraordinary detail of these Eastern rugs, modern and ancient. That men should be still doing work of this rare finish in these haste-ridden and impatient times! Besides, this book is a practical one to guide the beginner and the collector. It is some time since we handled a more pleasant volume. Our chief fault to find may be regarded as somewhat finikin, but we

must find it none the less. Why will so many authors insist on spelling colour "color"? We want the English, not the Latin word. And why "honor" when "honour" has grown and rooted deep in the soil of our language?

"The Life of Catherine the Great of Russia." By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts. Methuen. 18s. net.

In attempting a sympathetic study of Catherine II. Mr. Hodgetts is in conflict with many old prejudices. A notion of her, largely founded on Byron's "Don Juan", has long been abroad, making her appear as nothing but a vicious harriidan. Clearly, such an estimate of the "Semiramis of the North" is at fault. No merely dissolute man or woman could have maintained her great part in affairs. She must have had several high qualities, including that of application, and even known the virtue of restraint; and even Byron, we remember, allowed her generosity. That she was the benevolent ruler of Mr. Hodgetts's study does not, however, follow, and the author generally seems inclined to take her too much at her own estimate. Beyond a doubt she helped to rescue her country from a dangerous situation, and this fact has probably coloured the opinions of certain recent Russian historians on whom the author relies. Compassion for her early misfortunes has also drawn to her some sympathy, but it remains true that, while she gave voice to humanitarian ideas, she shut her eyes to the barbarities of her ministers. To deny this—to suggest that she was kept in the dark—is practically to say that she had no right to her title of the "Great Empress". Mr. Hodgetts, like many another champion of maligned personages, is occasionally injudicious in his praise, but we cordially agree with him when he ends by saying that with whatever faults she had she was a woman to be admired.

#### The Medici Christmas Cards.

The Medici Society's excellent prints need no introduction to readers of this Review. But possibly its enterprise in publishing reproductions specially as Christmas cards is new to many. An admirable series of such coloured reproductions, deserving of wide patronage, is before us. It is undoubtedly the best collection of its kind that has ever appeared in the Christmas market.

We have received from the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge a copy of the form of prayer to be used "on behalf of the Nation-Empire in this time of war". It is throughout marked with great dignity, and is entirely free of national vainglory. The English Church speaks in these pages for the English people.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

##### HISTORY AND ARCHEOLOGY.

The Making of Western Europe (C. R. L. Fletcher). Murray. 7s. 6d. net.

Church Plate of Cardiganshire (J. T. Evans). Alden. 1s.

##### LAW.

The Law of Hearsay Evidence (J. B. C. Tregarthen). Stevens. 5s. net.

##### REFERENCE BOOKS.

Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, etc., 1915. Dean. 31s. 6d.

Who's Who. 15s. net; The Englishwoman's Year Book. 2s. 6d. net; Writers' and Artists' Year Book. 1s. net. Black.

Investors' Year Book. "Financial Review of Reviews." 4s. net.

##### REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

War and the World's Life (Col. F. N. Maude). Smith, Elder. 5s. net.

Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, etc. (Giorgio Vasario). 25s. net.

Under the Tricolour (Pierre Mille). Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

##### SCIENCE.

Magnetism and Electricity (S. S. Richardson). Blackie. 4s. 6d.

##### THEOLOGY.

The Miracles of the New Testament (A. C. Headlam). Murray. 6s. net.

Dedications of English Churches (Francis Bond). Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

Democracy and Christian Doctrine (W. H. Carnegie). Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.

In the Face of Jesus Christ (David Jenks). Longmans. 6s. net.

The Epistle of St. James (Maynard Smith). Blackwell. 6s. net.

##### TRAVEL.

Sketches in Poland (Francis D. Little). Melrose. 9s. net.

##### MISCELLANEOUS.

Despatches of Sir John French. Chapman and Hall. 1s. net.

International Trade and Exchange (Harry G. Brown). Macmillan. 6s. 6d. net.

King Albert's Book. Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. net.

Port Royal and Other Studies (H. T. Morgan). Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.

Principles of Secondary Education (P. Monroe). Macmillan. 8s. net.

Swinburne (T. E. Welby). Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.

The Guilt of Lord Cochrane (Lord Ellenborough). Smith, Elder. 12s. 6d. net.

The Mystery in the Drood Family (Montagu Saunders). Cambridge Press. 3s. net.

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**BRITISH BURMAH PETROLEUM.**

MR. HENRY CLAUDE TAYLOR, presiding at the Ordinary General Meeting of the British Burmah Petroleum Company, Limited, held on Wednesday, said: I would say at the outset it is very gratifying that the anticipations of our Chairman at the last general meeting as to the probable financial results of the year we now have under review have been so fully realised. The profit earned has enabled us to make our first allocation to the sinking fund accounts, and to set aside a substantial amount to reserve account, after providing for debenture interest and depreciation. To begin with the field. We drilled a total of 34,110 ft., as against 26,698 ft. in the previous year. We have increased the number of well sites leased by the company in the Yenangyaung district from the Twinzayoes to meet our requirements, whilst our outside territory has been maintained at 74 square miles. We have also lately applied for a lease from Government of 1 square mile in the Pakkoku district, which, from a recent geological survey, appears to be desirable territory for the purpose of the company, and which will, of course, further increase our reserve lands. At the close of the year we had a total of 85 well sites in the Twingone and Beme reserves of the Yenangyaung district, of which nearly 40 have not yet been drilled, and additional sites are being secured from time to time as suitable opportunities occur. In all, 31 well sites were handled during the year at Yenangyaung, of which 22 were brought into production, and of these 12 were new wells in Twingone and one in Beme. Our drilling programme at Twingone has been actively pursued, but I am sorry to say our wells have yielded a much lower average of production during the year. The developments now in progress should, we think, improve this position, though the lower sands up to the present have not given the results that were anticipated. Still, indications of improvement in depth have been more encouraging of late, and better initial productions have been recorded at a depth of about 2,700 ft. The year's work in the field has proceeded steadily on the whole, and the initial stage of development in Singu has reached a point where we may expect more rapid progress. The production has, unfortunately, not come up to expectations, and, as shown in the directors' report, decreases are recorded for both this company and the Rangoon Oil Company, in which we are so largely interested. Although we hope this may only be a temporary phase, it is not advisable to rely too much on a particular area, and for that reason we have pushed ahead with the development of some of our territory outside Yenangyaung. The production of the Rangoon Oil Company during their last financial year amounted to 338,982 barrels of crude oil, of a value of £104,165. The resultant profits enabled them to pay £6,630 as interest on loans, to write off £10,683 for goodwill and depreciation, and to reduce their loan account by £18,000. Thanks to the modifications in the terms of our agreement with the Burmah Oil Company (reference to which was made at the last general meeting), to improvements in process and economies in working, our profit on revenue account shows the substantial increase of £52,900 12s. 10d. You will be interested to know, too, that our sales of kerosene in India and Burmah have increased by about 6 per cent. as the result of growth of consumption in those countries. The refinery operations have been carried on with regularity. The burning oil side has shown considerable improvement both in the quality and quantity of products obtained, and many necessary works have been carried out in and around the plant which tend to greater efficiency and safety.

**MIDLAND RAILWAY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA.**

MR. W. CAPEL SLAUGHTER, presiding at the General Meeting of the Midland Railway Company of Western Australia, Ltd., held on Thursday, said: The net results of the year's working have been, on the whole, very satisfactory. The receipts from the railway during the period under review constitute a fresh record in the history of the company, and this remark applies to both gross and net receipts. In regard to our lands, the other important branch of the company's business, the sales for the year, compared with the sales of the previous year, show an increase in the acreage sold of 27,132 acres and an increase of £17,728 19s. 7d. in the amount of purchase price obtained. In addition to this, considerable progress has been made in the sale of the company's ready-made farms, thirty out of the total number of fifty-eight having been disposed of. Of these thirty farms eighteen are already occupied by the purchasers, who are busily engaged in developing their farms and so building up not only a valuable asset for themselves, but also an important feeder to the company's railway traffics. The instalments of the purchase money outstanding on lands sold amounted to £212,168 17s. 6d., carrying interest chiefly at 4 per cent., and the balance of land remaining to be sold amounted to 1,786,827 acres. The Yandanooka estate, which has been repurchased by the State, is about to be dealt with by the Government by subdivision and future settlement. As this estate comprised good wheat and grazing land with a reliable rainfall, it is likely that the Government will get a good response to its invitation, and, as a consequence of this development, additional valuable traffic should be secured for our railway. This is a very encouraging fact, and is one of the many items which go to support the view which your directors have always held as to the ultimate value of the company's railway and lands. Given normal conditions and efficient management, there is every reason to anticipate that, as time goes on, the traffics of our railway should, in spite of the competition of the Wongan Hills line, materially increase, and at the same time the company's lands will go on increasing in value.

The Subscription List will open on Friday, the 18th December, 1914, and close on or before Wednesday, the 23rd December, 1914.

**THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY OF CANADA.**

**Issue of \$1,000,000 Three-year 5½ per cent. Secured Notes dated 15th January, 1915, due 14th January, 1918.**

Interest payable half-yearly on the 15th July and 15th January. The Notes will carry the full half-year's interest payable 15th July, 1915. The Notes will be to bearer in denominations of \$200 and \$100, which may be registered as to principal only. The Company reserves the right to redeem the Notes at 101 either as a whole or in amounts of not less than \$500,000 by drawings, on any interest date upon sixty days' notice; and in the event of any Notes being redeemed before the date of maturity the Trustee will release a proportionate part of the Debenture Stock deposited with them as security. The Notes will be secured by the deposit with the Trustee of \$1,430,000 Grand Trunk Perpetual Four per Cent. Consolidated Debenture Stock.

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Issue price £98 10s. per cent., payable as follows:—  
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Payment may, if preferred, be made in full on the date fixed for the payment, on 15th January, 1915, under discount at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

The Directors of the GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY OF CANADA invite applications for the above Notes, the proceeds of which will be applied to the general purposes of the Company.

The Net Revenue for the year 1913 showed a surplus, after providing for fixed charges, of £975,000. The complete figures for 1914 are not available, but, although the amount must be reduced owing to the depression of trade in Canada, the outbreak of war, and the increase in net revenue charges, the net revenue available will cover the interest on the present issue many times over.

Interim Scrip Certificates will be issued in exchange for the Bankers' Receipts for the payment on the 15th January, 1915, for which definitive Notes with half-yearly interest coupons attached will be issued after the 15th February, 1915.

Applications must be made on the accompanying form and forwarded to the Company's Bankers, Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie and Co., 67, Lombard Street, E.C., with a deposit of £5 per cent. on the amount of Notes applied for.

Should it not be possible to make an allotment in full in respect of the amounts applied for, any excess on the amount deposited on application will be applied towards the sum payable on the 15th January, 1915.

A brokerage of 5s. per cent. will be paid in respect of allotments made on all application forms bearing the stamps of Bankers or Stockbrokers.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company; of Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie and Co., 67, Lombard Street, E.C., and of Messrs. Coates, Son and Co., 99, Gresham Street, London, E.C. On behalf of the Board,

ALFRED W. SMITHERS, Chairman.

DASHWOOD HOUSE,  
9, NEW BROAD STREET, LONDON, E.C.  
17th December, 1914.

**RAND MINES, LIMITED**

(Incorporated in the Transvaal.)

**DECLARATION OF DIVIDEND No. 23.**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT an INTERIM DIVIDEND of 90 per cent. (4s. 6d. per 5s. share) has been declared by the Board for the half-year ending 31st DECEMBER, 1914.

This Dividend will be payable to shareholders registered in the books of the Company at the close of business on 31st DECEMBER, 1914, and to holders of COUPON No. 23 attached to Share Warrants to Bearer.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 1st to the 7th JANUARY, 1915, both days inclusive.

Owing to possible irregularities in the arrival of European mails, there may be some delay in the balancing of the Share Ledgers, and the above DIVIDEND may therefore not be paid to shareholders on the usual date, namely, 15th FEBRUARY, 1915, but shortly afterwards. Shareholders will be duly advised of the actual date of payment by Notice in the Press.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER are informed that they will receive payment of the DIVIDEND on presentation of COUPON No. 23 at the London Office of the Company, or at the Crédit Mobilier Français, 30 and 32, Rue Talbott, Paris, on a date to be notified as above.

COUPONS and DIVIDEND WARRANTS paid by the London Office to shareholders resident in France, and COUPONS paid by the Crédit Mobilier Français, Paris, will be subject to a deduction on account of French Transfer Duty and French Income Tax.

The short fall in the Dividend Revenues of the Company for the half-year is due to the lower rate of dividend paid by the CROWN MINES, LIMITED, and has necessitated a reduction in the Company's Dividend.

By Order of the Board,

A. MOIR, London Secretary.

No. 1, London Wall Buildings, E.C.  
14 December, 1914.

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2. At Sea. Archibald Hurd.

3. In Serbia. R. W. Seton-

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RECRUITING AND THE CENSOR-

SHIP.

In order that the urgent events of the day may have speedier treatment in the "Quarterly Review," Mr. Murray has decided to publish the January number in 2 parts.

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY.

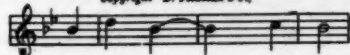
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